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The Saturday Review of Literature

EDITED BY HENRY SEIDEL CANBY

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Teaching Our Literature

SOME believe that American literature should be taught like any other literature, and others that it should be taught unlike any other literature. Both theories are wrong, and either may bring discredit upon one of the most controversial subjects in the curriculum.

Why controversial? Because the Federalist spirit still reigns in the American universities which (with the exception of Virginia) it largely created, and the Federalist maxim has always been, why use American goods (or culture) if the English is better?

For years the schools taught the most innocuously moral of American writers, whose greater contemporaries might have visited endless college classrooms without hearing their names so much as mentioned. Lounsbury used to say that in Yale of the 60's not even Shakespeare, Byron, or Pope was dignified by reference in college classes. In the 'nineties, with rare exception, Hawthorne, Emerson, Cooper, Poe were extra curriculum, Whitman and Twain ignored, Melville *auctor ignotus* (in Yale it was a Professor of Physics who "discovered" him). The ghost of Thoreau must often have waited cynically upon Chaucer classes at Harvard, while Cooper, expelled once, and now expelled again, may have stormed soundlessly through Yale lecture halls while some devoted romanticist was celebrating the more platitudinous poems of Scott. (Not that Cooper felt Scott to be inferior: he was a Federalist born, and would have disapproved of teaching any "light literature," as he called his own work, at all.)

The anti-Federalist West has saved us from the absurdity of refusing to teach our own literature, but its enthusiasm may thrust us into absurdities still more ridiculous. From curriculums in which the really important Americans are excluded while third-rate European dramatists, poets feeble by Whitman and pale by Poe, or philosophic essayists who are candles by Emerson's beam, are given tedious consideration, we are swung over into a false patriotism that gives courses in the literature of Kansas or the poets of California. Mediocre, or worse than mediocre, is brevetted if it happens to have been written in the dear old State.

This is a mere disease of nationalism. But the question as to how this new interest in American literature shall be made profitable for education, still remains.

Shall we teach the great Americans as artists in that international world of art where reputation must be based upon intrinsic excellence? Or shall we use American literature of all sorts as an index to a national culture which, it is only too clear, political history has not so far made us understand?

The second method has its fascinations and indeed is in danger of capturing our colleges. If Howells is boring, or Bryant thin, or Irving merely suave, one can always talk about the social history of a great continent. But literature should never be taught as history, unless the object is to teach history not literature. Æsthetic values are elusive at best. Once Melville becomes an illustration of transcendentalism escaped, or Cooper an exponent of true republicanism, and the soul of the book may depart unnoted. A source remains, but not literature.

Yet it is quite impossible to teach the great Americans as museum specimens of great art. There *are* great Americans—not that pallid trio whose beards adorned the schoolrooms of our youth—Bryant, Whittier, Longfellow (though they had their values)—but a richer galaxy each of which has written books that belong to world literature. To teach Hawthorne or Mark Twain or Whitman as pure literature floating abstract in a vague romantic movement, is to lose the very quality which makes each man not merely American but excellent in his

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The Pedlar

By EDWARD DAVISON

THERE in the littered meadow
After the fair I pitched my ragged tent,
Nailed to the leaning centre-pole
The gipsy colors, crimson smutched with yellow,
To signify the fever in my blood,
For which no febrifuge in all the world.
I put the trestles out
And the long straddling board, and over that
The patchwork quilt we wove amid the snow
By the sea-coast of Bohemia, long ago.
And, over the quilt, my wares—
Riband and lace and coif,
Cambric and lawn,
Ballads in print o' life,
Pictures in colors;
Not only such Arcadian faldalals,
But written prayers,
And shrouds to clothe in Hell
Fifty philosophers
Who built a house for dolls;
Also a draught distilled
From Lethe's backwaters,
And willow leaves that once
Kissed the brook Hippocrene,
And therefore cannot die.

But scarce a mother's son
Came out to buy.

The twilight deepens but the girls and boys
Are dead or sleeping now by some mischance.
I came belated. They have bought their toys,
And there's no use in further dalliance.
I shall not mind a hundred years from hence
Not to have seen the color of their pence.

This Week

"Religion and the Rise of Capitalism." Reviewed by *B. Brebner.*
"Meaning of a Liberal Education." Reviewed by *Arnold Whitridge.*
"Tom-Tom." Reviewed by *Kermit Roosevelt.*
"The Truth about Mormonism." Reviewed by *Woodbridge Riley.*
"Antennae." Reviewed by *Robert Macdougall.*
"Tomorrow Morning." Reviewed by *Grace Frank.*
"The Sardonic Smile." Reviewed by *Louis Untermeyer.*
"A Deputy Was King." Reviewed by *Leonard Bacon.*

Next Week, or Later

Association Items. By *Wilmarth Lewis.*

An End and A Beginning

By JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH

IN 1909 Professor Woodberry published the revised and enlarged version of his life of Edgar Allan Poe. Though he frankly confessed that the task was one which circumstance had thrust upon him rather than one which he himself would have chosen, he discovered some important biographical facts and he did his work so well that even the more romantic Poe enthusiasts were compelled to stomach the frigid detachment of his treatment and to accept his work as standard. Since 1909, however, the storehouse of available material has been greatly enriched. The extraordinarily devoted and meticulous labor of scholars, particularly that of Messrs. Campbell, Whitty, and Mabbot, has gradually piled up a mass of detailed information concerning various disputed points, and meanwhile there has gradually leaked out information concerning certain events which the excessive delicacy of those connected in one way or another with the Poe or Allan families had kept scrupulously hid. Professor Campbell searched the voluminous papers of the firm of Ellis & Allan; Professor Mabbot investigated various bibliographical puzzles; and, most important of all, the publication about a year ago of the "Edgar Allan Poe Letters till Now Unpublished in the Valentine Museum" released a series of documents of capital importance for the understanding of Poe's life. As a result of these various labors the information available to those willing to search the pages of learned journals, special studies, the prefaces of reprints, and the like, was far greater than that embodied or summarized in any one biography and thus, in a word, Woodberry's book had become antiquated without ever having been superseded.

Before writing my own study of Poe I made a digest of this material, but my book, concerned as it was with a particular problem, made no pretense of being a complete factual biography and until the appearance of the books* here under review there had been no attempt to synthesize the entire body of available information concerning Poe's life. Thanks to the accumulation of a vast body of material—Poe has been more written about than any other American writer except Whitman—the task is a large one and both the present works are of necessity extremely long.

Miss Phillips's volumes are particularly rich both in anecdotes and in pictures concerning not only Poe but everybody and everything even remotely connected with him but her work constitutes a scrap book rather than a biography. The author has little sense either of selection, arrangement, or style; she has huddled everything together, important and trivial, certain and problematical, and the result is an all but impenetrable thicket of fact, fancy, and commentary which all those who expect to write in detail about Poe will have to get through but which few impelled by anything less stern than a sense of duty are likely to go very far with. Mr. Allan, on the other hand, has managed to handle the exceedingly cumbersome material with great skill. Without ever sacrificing completeness to readability and without ever hesitating to break the flow of the narrative by the citation of long docu-

ISRAFEL. The Life and Times of Edgar Allan Poe. By HERVEY ALLEN. New York: George H. Doran Co. 2 Vols. $10.

EDGAR ALLAN POE—The Man. By MARY E. PHILLIPS. Philadelphia: New York: The John H. Winston Co. 8 vols. $10.

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ments or the presentation of detailed analyses of fact, he has nevertheless succeeded in preserving a suitable form and scale. Perhaps his work is a little too long; perhaps, in view of the fact that the documentary material is as voluminous as it is, it would have been as well to omit some of the merely "novelistic" passages like those in which we are told that "Mrs. Poe's bright little lad would no doubt have been a favorite with the members of the *Virginia Players*—and he must often have sat upon the knees of his father's and mother's friends before the great open chimney of the inn," or that in which we are informed that "if by some magic we could return to Richmond, Virginia, in the late Autumn of the early twenties after harvest had been gathered, we might come across Edgar Allan Poe—seated with his best chums—upon a rail fence like so many crows, each munching a tender juicy turnip, or a raw sweet potato with a little salt on it, which, as many a Southern boy knows, is not half bad." But this is after all a matter of opinion and upon a more important matter there can hardly be two opinions—Mr. Allen has done an extremely able piece of work. He has, as he says, gone back in every case over the heads of previous biographers to the orginal documents wherever they were in existence and he has produced a biography which definitely supersedes that of Woodbury. So far as the facts of Poe's life are concerned here are all that are known and it is not likely that the coming years hold sufficient revelations to make another factual biography necessary for a long time to come.

In a field which has been as assiduously cultivated as that of Poe biography one does not, of course, expect any great number of startling discoveries. For the first time Mr. Allen publishes John Allan's will and he is, moreover, the first biographer to violate the extremely delicate sensibilities of the Allan family by stating definitely that Allan's illegitimate children were the occasion of that scandal which embittered the relations between Poe and Allan he has, moreover, searched anew the Ellis-Allan papers in Washington, made some interesting discoveries concerning Poe's construction of his gold-bug from the details of two actually observed insects, and recorded some new traditions. But the majority of his additions to our knowledge are not of a sensational character. The most valuable part of his work consists, on the contrary, first in a remarkably complete synthesis of all the facts of Poe's life and second, in the way in which he has been able to fill in the details. Thanks to him we are able to follow Poe about from place to place, to know where he lived, how he lived, who were his friends, and under what conditions he did his work. "There is," says Mr. Allen in his preface, "no longer any necessity for talking about the Poe 'mystery,' indeed, it is no exaggeration to say that there are few other literary figures whose life is so fully documented." And in a sense this bold statement is fully justified. Poe's character as well as his genius is still a mystery, but thanks to the devoted labors of those scholars among whom Mr. Allen makes one, the outward events of his life are known with remarkable completeness.

It is with such definitely knowable facts that Mr. Allen is chiefly concerned. All criticism of Poe's work is eschewed and even the interpretation of character is subordinated to fact. Speaking of that fanciful picture of himself which played so large a part in determining Poe's conduct Mr. Allen says "The romantic hero was the first to appear, only to be replaced later by the perfect logician." Speaking of the sexual side of his nature he says:

> As we have seen, Virginia represented for him a compromise with the driving passion of life, which was necessary to his peace of mind. The explanation which is reluctantly forced upon one, as the whole facts of his strange marriage and Poe's relations with other women are passed in review, and calmly considered, is that Poe was psychically inhibited.——[and] the evidence strongly points to the conclusion that the root of Poe's misfortunes, agony, and shipwreck, as well as his power as a literary artist, lay in some inhibition of his sexual life.

From these and other scattered remarks it would appear that Mr. Allen accepts—though he does not acknowledge—the general outlines of my analysis of Poe's character, but he has apparently, wished in a large measure to avoid whatever might be involved in dispute and has confined himself largely to strict biographical fact. The result is that while he has written the final chapter in the biographical study of Poe he has left the field open for innumerable other discussions both critical and psychological.

It does not require more than a casual acquaintanceship with contemporary critical writing to perceive that such discussion is destined to be voluminous. The mere fact that Mr. Paul Valery—whose admirers are already numerous enough and rapt enough to constitute a cult—devotes one of the essays in his "Variété" to "Eureka" would be sufficient to turn the attention of a whole school of eager critics to Poe; and the effect of Valery may already be seen in, for example, René Lalou's recently published "Defense de L'Homme" and in the long and able article on Poe which Edmund Wilson has just contributed to the *New Republic* Nor is this preoccupation the result of any mere accident, since in the case of Poe may be found the crux of the problem with which this school of critics is most definitely concerned. Though Poe obviously invites the attention of the psychologist his own theories were definitely metaphysical and the quarrel between the newest school of criticism and that which is slightly less new is the quarrel between psychology and metaphysics.

Historically the new movement is a reaction. Just as the universal application of scientific method and dogma tended to displace metaphysical theology with the study of religious origins so, too, it led literary critics away from theoretical æsthetics into the consideration of the conditions which generate a particular kind of art; and though from the very beginning of this development protests were raised on behalf of religion, criticism was slower to take fright at its own direction. At last, however, effective protest has been raised and whatever is newest and most vital in contemporary critical writing centers around the question, "Shall literature be discussed *in its relations* or *in itself?*"

So far as I know the late T. F. Hulme—whose name is frequently upon the lips of those newest critics—first definitely formulated their philosophy. In the first paragraph of "Speculations" he wrote:

> One of the main achievements of the nineteenth century was the elaboration and universal application of the principle of *continuity*. The destruction of this conception is, on the contrary, an urgent necessity of the present.

What Hulme felt was that the relationships traced by science had no human importance, that however much it might insist, for example, upon the continuity of animal life from the amoeba to man, it placed itself in a completely false position when it attempted to treat the highest human functions such as philosophy by the same methods that it applied to the study of animal instinct. The various branches of human knowledge and experience were, he maintained, actually distinct and he wished to divide them again into categories, giving to each the laws appropriate to it and forbidding one to mingle with the other.

The result of this principle when applied to literature, is once more to elevate æsthetics to the position of a separate science, which casts out psychology quite as definitely as it casts out sociology or morality and which aims to discuss literature by principles which refer to art and to art alone. In the case of Poe, for example, it would definitely reject as at best irrelevant the whole of the method which I employed in my study, and far from being interested in the relationship of Poe's critical theories to himself would study them only in relation to literary works. A particular individual might or might not accept the theories proposed as psychologically true, but in either event he would argue that they are both irrelevant and misleading in any discussion of Poe as an artist, because a story or a critical theory comes, as soon as it is created, to occupy a position in that category of art which is completely discontinuous with the catagory of psychology.

With such an attitude Poe himself would undoubtedly have sympathized. The whole effort of his genius was an effort to penetrate into a realm of art which should be completely detached from the world of his own experience and to create a body of critical doctrine which should explain his work, not by reference to the peculiar state of his own soul, but by reference to the eternal laws of beauty, they being eternal for the very reason that they transcend all merely human things. "The death of a beautiful woman," he said, "is the most poetical topic in the world," and he would have bitterly resented the suggestion that his conviction upon this point was the result of any particular human experience of his own. By virtue of such facts Poe is, then a metaphysical critic *par excellence* and while, as a man, he invites the psychologist, as a critic his dicta are of the sort which exactly fulfil the requirements of the metaphysical critic since they deliberately—a psychologist would say desperately—refuse to consider themselves as conditioned by any non-literary influences. Whatever quarrel the æsthetician and the psychologist may have, there is no place where it may be more conveniently fought out than over the dead body of Poe.

The abnormality of Poe the man intensifies somewhat the dispute but the question at issue is not, in its largest aspect, the question of whether or not art is to be studied in terms of abnormal psychology but whether or not it is to be discussed in the terms of any psychology whatever, and the battle is really between, let us say, the point of view represented in Mr. I. R. Richard's "The Principles of Literary Criticism" and that of the metaphysical critics. To Mr. Richardson the world, including the world of art, it to be understood through what Hulme called the principle of Continuity. The question of values in art is a question of the appetencies which they satisfy, and aesthetics in merely to state the case in its most extreme form a continuation from gastronomy. To the metaphysical critic, on the other hand, the aesthetic experience is an experience different in kind from all other experiences and its laws are discontinuous with, not extensions of, general laws of the human mind.

Nor is the question at issue one which involves only remotely theoretical considerations. Just as the scientific attitude toward religion involves a relativism in morals so too the scientific attitude toward literature involves a relativism in taste. To follow Mr. Richards is to think of literary values as dependent upon and varying with the needs of individuals or epochs. It leads to criticism which is explanatory or interpretive; it is hospitable to variety; and, since it thinks of literature as a function of variable humanity, it is, like most recent criticism, distrustful of fixed standards. The natural result of metaphysical criticism is, on the other hand, a species of classicism. Its concern is with absolute not relative values and since it thinks of art as a category of reality existing independently of mere human experience it tends naturally to think of unchanging laws and eternal values. It might grant that these laws are difficult to formulate and these values difficult to define but it would, unlike psychological criticism, insist that they exist and that the chief business of the critic is to find them. It would once more impose upon him the duty of judgment rather than that of interpretation and tend to replace standards again upon the pedestal from which the whole line of relativist critics have cast them down. An opponent would call it a regression to the dogmatism of the pseudo-classicists but to its proponents it is rather a return to the true business of criticism after a period of exile in alien fields.

Unquestionably the psychological method is full of pitfalls. There is no graver error than that involved in equating a thing with its origin, and to assume that one has disposed of a work when one has traced it to the need which gave it rise is to put one's self in the position of regarding art as no more than a series of tumors—malignant or innocent as the case may be—parasitic upon the soul. Like every fruitful method, however, its final result, when it is intelligently applied, is the production of a new and stimulating question which, in this case, turns out to be the question: What is the relation, if any, between the need in the artist from which the work sprang and its value as art to him who enjoys it? To this question the metaphysical critic would respond that there is none, but the psychologist would be inclined to reply that the value as art as distinguished from the purely therapeutic value to the creator depends upon two things, first upon the importance of the appetency to which it addresses itself and, second, upon its technical fitness to bring satisfaction to that appetency.

What psychological criticism does, then, is nothing more or less than to bridge, in some fashion, the gulf between æsthetics and the various other sciences which deal with the phenomena of human life. At least until it proceeds further than here outlined it leaves open, of course, the questions involved in the arrangement of the hierarchy of appetencies and those which are concerned with the art of rhetoric or effective expression. But it does, nevertheless, preserve that continuity which Hulme was determined to break and one's attitude toward it must depend entirely upon one's attitude toward that principle of continuity itself.

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Serving God and Mammon

By Bartlett Brebner
Columbia University

IT would be a bold seer who would elucidate the relations of religion and capital today. A few years ago there descended upon the United States a severe visitation of codes of ethics. The professions, industry, and commerce blossomed out in elaborately printed tables, whose black and red impressive typography on rich parchment papers announced the ideal principles to which they proclaimed their adherence. It was not an entirely novel phenomenon, but it had never been done so extensively before. About the same time the business men's clubs reached their zenith and they, too, produced public apologies for existence. We have had "Golden Rule" industrialists and "ethical" salesmen, and the magazines which explain and inspire material success are careful to do so in terms of service to the community. Apparently a good recipe for pulpit popularity is that the preacher should devote himself to the reconciliation of business and religion. Without quibbling over the precise significance of the word "religion" in the lives of Americans, it is safe to say that there are conspicuous groups of business men in the United States who still feel that it is necessary for them, either publicly or privately, to make their commercial ethics conform with some external code of moral standards. On the other hand few churchmen can be found who will "dismiss the transactions of business and the institutions of society as matters irrelevant to the life of the spirit."

Yet Mr. Keynes assures us that "modern capitalism is absolutely irreligious, without internal union, without much public spirit, often, though not always, a mere congeries of possessors and pursuers." At the same time the home of most triumphant capitalism is aiming at a continuance of the triumph. Moreover something forces a notable number of its capitalists to stress and advertize freely their public spirit ("Service above Self"). The doubter smiles and quotes those annual reports which exultingly reveal that such things as employees' recreational services mean increased earnings. The whole relation of religion (or what passes for religion) and business is a mass of contradictions, and contradictions the more tantalizing because the subject is so fascinating in a country so prosperous as this. The theologians can debate whether they will dignify the capitalists' apologies by the name of religion and the efficiency experts decide whether social responsibility is or is not merely another name for good business, but some day a good social historian will try to explain why it is necessary in the United States in the twentieth century to justify profit-making.

When he does so he will find at once his model and his foundation at hand in Mr. Tawney's excellent Holland Memorial Lectures as now published. In them he has begun with the Middle Ages and the Schoolmen's pronouncements on problems of money economy and traced the slowly perceptible change in the churches' attitude toward credit and interest, through Luther and Calvin and the Continental reformers to the Anglican church and the Puritans, and from the last position (which he has developed in detail) he has thrown out bridges to the eighteenth century and after. Happiest in discussing England of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries because of his long and well-known explorations in that field, he nevertheless furnishes his readers with a vividly and clearly phrased summary of the mediæval position which successive religious authorities so gradually outgrew; and as good examples as any of his provocative probings of later centuries are his statements that "the true descendant of the doctrines of Aquinas is the labor theory of value. The last of the Schoolmen was Karl Marx," and his summary of the philosophy of educated men of eighteenth century England in the couplet of Pope:

> Thus God and Nature formed the general frame,
> And bade self-love and social be the same.

Throughout it all he has not lost sight of the incongruity between the position of those who looked forward and those who looked back, between religious theory and business practice, but has taken pains to show from the most varied sources how business men acted as well as how churchmen strove to solve the economic problems which they were faced with in times which grew rapidly away from the agricultural Middle Ages towards the capitalistic and imperialistic later centuries. Neither has he failed to observe and take into account the analogy between the divorce of Church and State and the divorce of Church and Market.

His is a sturdy book. A topic once put forward is seldom put aside until it has been bolstered up or battered down by cogent evidence. There is occasionally a heaviness of emphasis that borders on repetition, but one feels that it is because the author has a wealth of material at his command which is so good that he cannot resist using it. His sentences are tight and carry full weight, whole brilliantly written pages clamor to be quoted, and it is impossible to do justice to the general argument in a summary. A bare outline must serve.

There is no attempt here to make Puritanism the parent of the "capitalist spirit" which is, of course, "as old as history." In the large, the book is an exploration of the chasm between the mediæval Catholic conception of society as an organism or body made up of unequal "members" organized for a common end and the modern one of a mechanism "adjusting itself through the play of economic motives to the supply of economic needs." What had disappeared by the eighteenth century were the Schoolmen's fundamental assumptions "that economic interests are subordinate to the real business of life, which is salvation, and that economic conduct is one aspect of personal conduct, upon which,

The Flaxman Medallion of Samuel Johnson
From "The Wedgwood Medallion," by Chauncey Brewster Tinker (Harvard University Press).

as on other parts of it, the rules of morality are binding." Mr. Tawney shows how the men of the Reformation at first barely twisted these assumptions, then ignored them, and finally substituted for them individualism, the economic virtues, and the gospel of thrift, without, however, entirely losing touch with the body of economic illustration and argument methodically arranged for them by their mediæval predecessors. Naturally the pivot on which the movement swung was the attitude assumed toward interest. The mediæval position is as clear as the incongruity between ordinary procedure for ordinary little men and the notoriously different procedure of spiritual and temporal princes will allow. Popes and Kings could accept usury as a commonplace and all men might take partnership profits (with the attendant risks), demand compensation for failure in time of repayment of loans, and buy rent-charges or annuities. Yet usury "*per pactum*," that is, certain gain for the lender whether the borrower gained or lost, was forbidden. A revolution (already begun) came explosively in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries when the old feudal social and economic framework broke down, and the individualism (leaning heavily on credit) which lies behind our economic life grew out of the ruin. The change in religion was a contemporary event rath erthan a cause. Social theory and teaching, meanwhile, remained, in the sixteenth century at least, markedly conservative. It took some time for action and reaction between Protestantism and financial capitalism to act as solvent of the traditional attitude of religious thought toward social and economic issues.

Thus Luther and his teaching had tremendous social effects, but Luther himself had not realized how unsupported he had left society and economic life when he destroyed their ecclesiastical foundations. He, in his bewilderment over the consequences of his teaching, disclaimed them and turned for comfort and authority to the social and economic teaching of his mediæval masters. It was Calvin who "accepted the main institutions of a commercial civilization, and supplied a creed to the classes which were to dominate the future." Luther embodied and spread widely a determination to substitute faith for works and to dispense with the ecclesiastical machine which seemed, to Germans at least, to use them rather than to be of service, and the social and economic systems ordained by a divinely commissioned hierarchy dissolved. Calvinism "sought, not merely to purify the individual, but to reconstruct Church and State." Even so, it was not the outward form of the theocracy at Geneva which made the final impression, but the growing implications of the faith so rigorously outlined by its founder when it was transferred from a small city to national states. Luther was impotent when faced with specific problems relating to usury. "Calvin deals with usurie as the apothecarie doth with poyson." The generations which followed them made it the centre of their economic system. The watershed was Calvinism, in spite of Calvin's own caution, for early Puritanism had a horror of economic individualism and yet the Puritan movement was the ancestor of *laissez faire* and social indifferentism. The story of how it came about is too long to recount here.

Two factors in it, however, need mention, for they go far in explaining the amazing social callousness of the late eighteenth and early nineteenth centuries. Nassau Senior has been deservedly used as an exemplar of the "dismal science" of economics which thought "that the lower classes must be kept poor, or they will never be industrious." It is interesting to discover that before Senior wrote his famous report on the Poor Law he had been mightily impressed by a Scottish divine who held that any Poor Law was in itself objectionable. His evidence before the Committee on the State of the Poor in Ireland was described by Senior as "the most instructive, perhaps, that was ever given before a Committee of the House of Commons." Thus were connected Calvin and the vile social conditions of the early period of the Industrial Revolution.

* * *

The second factor was what might be called "the gospel of thrift." Convince a man that no act of his can effect God's choice as to his salvation or damnation and get him to grasp firmly the theological thistle of predestination and, strangely enough, he does not plunge into lazy resignation, but into determined battling with the world. He knows not whether he is saved or damned, but he attempts to crystallize in a life of thrift, sobriety, and expanding energy, man's glorification of God. "Mundane toil becomes itself a sort of sacrament." Will, "the essence of Puritanism," drives its possessor hard. The main consequences, religious, political, economic, and social are familiar, but we are not always awake to the implications. If thrift is virtue, unthrift is sin. Those who scorn delights easily condemn those who do not. If God rewards godliness with a competency, those who are not rewarded are victims of God's deserved displeasure. This spiritual aristocracy degenerated with time and bred evil results. "A society which reverences the attainment of riches as the supreme felicity will naturally be disposed to regard the poor as damned in the next world, if only to justify itself for making their life a hell in this." The poor were not to be pampered, and, in general, by the early nineteenth century the Have's were so complacent in their stern attitude toward the Have Not's that it required a real revolution of humanitarianism to start to restore the balance.

Mr. Tawney's lectures are so painstaking in their development that it is unfair further to summarize them. Perhaps enough has been said to indicate some of the ways in which they bridge the gap between business in the thirteenth century and business after the Industrial Revolution. Their author does not claim originality and acknowledges his indebtedness freely, but he is original and he does not hesitate to differ with others who have explored in the same field. One need not be a scholar to enjoy and profit by the book, it is so well written and so convincingly put together.

RELIGION AND THE RISE OF CAPITALISM. By R. H. Tawney. New York: Harcourt, Brace & Company. 1926. $3.50.

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A Way of Living

THE MEANING OF A LIBERAL EDUCATION. By EVERETT DEAN MARTIN. New York: W. W. Norton & Co. 1926. $3.

Reviewed by ARNOLD WHITRIDGE

ACCORDING to the Massachusetts School Law, 1647, the purpose of education was to circumvent "that ould deluder Sathan," whose chief object it was "to keepe men from the knowledge of the Scriptures." Today that ould deluder Sathan needs circumventing just as much as ever, but obviously he has shifted his ground. He does not care whether we read the Scriptures or not, because he knows that most of us have acquired the knack, unknown to our Puritan ancestors, of reading without thinking.

In "The Meaning of a Liberal Education" Mr. Martin makes an eloquent plea for dispassionate thought. He has succeeded in stripping the whole subject of education of those innumerable parasites that feed upon it. The prevalent idea that education is a tool whereby a man may increase his income or improve his social position receives no quarter at his hands. At the very outset he tells us that there can be no means production of the things of the spirit, and the last chapter ends on the same note—education is necessarily an individual achievement. He unmasks all those hypocrites who debauch the word education by making it serve the needs of advertising. It was bad enough when forcible young men began "selling" us ideas, but now they undertake to "educate" us at the same time. As long as he confines himself to what education is not Mr. Martin has us all swinging along behind him. It is a fine thing when a man of his position in the educational world throws the whole weight of his experience against the Philistine theory that education is in some way a means to efficiency. That theory was worth demolishing, and Mr. Martin has demolished it most effectively. Unfortunately it is easier to define education negatively than positively. Mr. Martin tells us that an educated person is not merely one who can do something, whether it be lecturing on Horace or repairing the plumbing, but one "who knows the significance of what he does, and one who can not and will not do certain things." In other words, the educated person has acquired a set of values; but what are those values, and by what process has he acquired them? Without attempting to answer that question directly the author suggests that there are few touchstones by which a supposedly educated man may be tested. "He is like Erasmus or Montaigne or Huxley; he knows Butler's 'Hudibras,' and something of Hume, Voltaire, Anatole France, and the best of the classic poets." Now the one trait common to all these authors, if we except some of the classic poets, is scepticism. Montaigne's genial attitude of inquiry, his comfortable tolerance, and well-bred irony, have charmed readers for the last three hundred years. He is one of those delightful people who never make tyrannical demands upon us, and therefore never spoil a friendship. No one would deny that Montaigne is a fine example of liberal education, but is he entirely satisfactory as a touchstone? Is Huxley satisfactory in spite of his marvelous intellectual honesty? Surely there may be other qualities implicit in education besides the "que sais-je" attitude towards life.

No doubt tolerance is a great virtue, and in these days of Prohibition and Ku-Kluxism its importance cannot be overestimated, but after all it is not the only virtue. We could wish that Mr. Martin had included among his educational touchstones some of the great thinkers of the past who were not preëminently sceptics. Burke and Pascal have as great a claim upon the eager student as Hume or Voltaire, and incidentally as long as we are dealing with the giants why mention Anatole France at all.

In the chapter on education and morals the author is so anxious to dispel the illusion that ethical instruction is synonymous with education that he seems to us to overshoot the mark. "The moralist," he says, "is as a rule the person with a lower middle-class mind, who insists upon calling general attention to his own dilemmas." Unless the word moralist is used in a wilfully narrow sense that definition is hopelessly inadequate. It would be far more true to say that every man of intelligence is inevitably a moralist, in that he has emancipated himself from herd opinion, and consequently has evolved his own way of life.

Once we make allowance for the fact that the author builds his conception of a liberal education upon scepticism, we can follow him with delight throughout the whole course of his fifteen chapters. For one thing he approaches his subject lightheartedly, with a proper contempt for those solemn people who are forever bound for some cultural "Pike's Peak or bust." The man who sets out to improve himself without first having learned how to play with his ideals falls by the wayside long before he catches sight of the promised land. A liberal education is as elusive a quarry as good manners. We may stalk it with the most up-to-date weapons in the shape of outline histories of art, science, and philosophy, and never get within shooting distance. If we intend to set forth on the quest of a liberal education we are not likely to find a better guide than Mr. Martin. Ultimately we shall part company with him because, as he says himself, education is a way of living, and no man can tell us how to lead our own life.

"The Meaning of a Liberal Education" does not purport to be a serious contribution to the science of pedagogy, but it whets our ambition and creates an appetite for ideas, which is more than most of the learned writers on education have been able to accomplish.

Bush Negroes

TOM-TOM. By J. W. VANDERCOOK. New York: Harper & Bros. 1926. $3.50.

Reviewed by KERMIT ROOSEVELT

DR. VANDERCOOK'S account of his experiences among the bush-negroes of Dutch Guiana forms a valuable contribution to the scanty store of knowledge accessible about this interesting people, the descendants of the runaway African slaves. His book is well written, and is quite evidently the result of painstaking and intelligent research.

The author at times, however, appears to ride his hobby so fast and furiously that he loses his perspective fairly completely. He tells us that the negro is a fine man, and that he has been wofully oppressed. This is true and only too true; but when he tries to establish the superiority of the black race over the white race, he is treading on ground that is apt to prove treacherous. He rails at our civilization, and asks what it all goes to prove. Many of us have moods in which we can heartily sympathize with this railing. He says that the northern races have always been hard and cold and practical, that there has never been any mysticism in their nature; here he oversteps the mark, as he himself would probably readily agree. Rudyard Kipling wrote some verses entitled "Romance," and when one is feeling particularly oppressed by the commercial spirit of the age, Kipling's lines form an excellent antiscorbutic. They can be confidently recommended to Mr. Vandercook.

I do not know whether Mr. Vandercook has lived among any of the Indian tribes of South America. If he has, it is to be regretted that he does not avail himself of the opportunity for comparisons and contrasts between Indian and negro. It is a fertile field.

When he is discussing the qualities of the black races he places too strong an emphasis upon superiority and inferiority, where often it is more a question of difference. He says that the white man is inferior in that he is not as able to adapt himself to jungle life; he believes that this is largely because the negro in his normal state is braver than the white man. The negro is not braver than the white man; he is racially more happy-go-lucky; he is like a child in that events, sinister or otherwise, make no lasting impression upon him; he bobs up quickly and soon forgets trouble and disaster. Physiologically he has become fitted through the agency of untold generations to thrive in the tropics. But here I find myself generalizing, for Africa is a large continent and the negroes live in very different physical surroundings, and are possessed of widely divergent physical characteristics. I have seen low country negroes die of cold in the mountains; I have seen negroes from the coastal jungles no more immune than we whites were to the fevers of the jungles of the interior. Mentally and physically the tribes vary greatly.

Mr. Vandercook tells us that one of the chief reasons for the white man's inability to thrive in the tropics may be laid to the fact that he wears clothes. He holds that if these were discarded he would be more healthy. The jungles in which he wandered must have been amazingly free from insect pests. In most jungles a naked white man would soon become a victim to mosquitoes, ants, stinging flies, and all the myriad microscopic members of the gnat family. Without shoes the danger from snake bite increases a thousandfold; in Brazil, where the field workers go barefoot, the mortality each year from snake bite assumes formidable proportions.

Much has been written of the mystery of the jungle, of the weird power it possesses of aweing and intimidating the stranger. There is a good deal of truth in this. I well remember how, when descending the River of Doubt with my father, we felt keenly the oppression of the enclosing forest. In the upper stretches the stream was deep and narrow; the great liana-hung trees marched straight down to the river bank; the sun was only visible for a few brief hours. Unexpectedly one day we came around a bend, to find a sizable bay stretching out before us. We could see a real horizon, and it was as if a great weight had been lifted off us.

Mr. Vandercook in paying tribute to the mystery and power of the jungle is handicapped in his lack of knowledge of its wild inhabitants. He invests them with powers and terrors which they do not possess. South America, although rich in the variety and number of its birds, offers but a meagre list of large game. In this it entirely reverses the situation in Africa. The jaguar, tapir, cougar, pig, and deer are practically the only big game to be found. Of them only the jaguar and pig could by any stretch of the imagination be regarded as dangerous. Only rarely is the jaguar responsible for taking human life, although many unfounded charges are brought against it. The larger type of pig is very savage, but climb a few feet above the ground and you are safe, although you may have a long and uncomfortable wait ahead of you before the anger of the pigs has cooled off, and they have betaken themselves elsewhere. The danger from large snakes is practically nil; it is not the great anacondas that cause concern, but their smaller brethren such as the coral snake and the jaracaca. Where Mr. Vandercook says: "yellow pumas pounce down from the high branches and kill unwary hunters," he is giving the cougar credit for a ferocity that is not his. In the far south in the lake regions of Patagonia there are well authenticated cases of pumas attacking men, but aside from that very restricted area the puma is known to both North and South America for his cowardice.

Mr. Vandercook is most interesting in his explanations of the bush negro theory of death. He tells us how the negroes converse naturally and readily with the dead, seeking their advice or support. The answers are not necessarily correct, for the dead are no more infallible than the living. A wise man continues wise; no one asks questions of a dead fool. Mr. Vandercook is evidently inclined to believe that these conversations are genuine.

Most readers will wish that Mr. Vandercook would go more thoroughly into an analysis of the bush negro language. From the little he tells us, it is evident that it is made up of English and Dutch and Portuguese; but we would like to know how it came about that the three languages were mingled in this way, and why it is that the native African dialects have apparently completely disappeared. The bush negroes with whom the book deals are evidently a conglomerate formed from many different native tribes. Another group of bush negroes are referred to who live further in the back country; they are evidently a wilder lot. Mr. Vandercook was unable to visit them, but from hearsay he gives an account of them which makes them out altogether different from the bush negroes whom he has been studying.

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Mormonism

THE TRUTH ABOUT MORMONISM. By JOSEPH H. SNOWDEN. New York: George H. Doran. 1926. $2.50.

Reviewed by WOODBRIDGE RILEY
Vassar College

THIS book can be recommended as the best short account of Mormonism from its past origins to its present problems, from the visions of Joseph Smith the founder to the seating of Reed Smoot the senator. It utilizes the foremost authorities like Stenhouse and his "Rocky Mountain Saints" and Linn and his "Story of the Mormons" and is supplemented by personal observations in Utah. However, to the given list of authorities should have been added the name of the Berlin scholar, Meyer, who traces the resemblances between Mormonism and Mohammedanism, and that of Werner who presents the achievements and at the same time the incredible vulgarities of Brigham Young.

As to the roots of Mormonism its founders are rightly declared to be among the most gullible people of the nineteenth century. Joseph Smith was a money digger and peek-stone expert, and claimed to have visits from celestial messengers whereby he discovered the Golden Plates, the alleged originals of the "Book of Mormon." All these beliefs were part and parcel of the primitive mentality of that Puritan stock from which the Smith family derived, but the author might have made more of the way in which such primitive beliefs were bolstered up by the Bible. It was only literal believers in the Old Testament who could hold to the efficacy of Smith's stone spectacles simply because they were called the Urim and Thummin.

As to the authorship of the "Book of Mormon" the writer revives the old Spaulding-Rigdon theory, namely that a fictitious early Indian history, called "The Manuscript Found in the Wilds of Mormon," was revamped by a wandering Baptist minister, Rigdon, and somehow conveyed to the illiterate Joseph Smith who claimed to be both the author and proprietor of the "Book of Mormon." To argue for the multiple authorship of the Golden Bible is to argue for a multiplicity of causes, whereas a simple cause, the more or less simple-minded Joseph, would account for this historical hodge-podge with its dreary camp meeting style, a work which Mark Twain characterized as "chloroform in print."

With the founding of the Mormon Church we begin to find those later additions which have made the Latter-Day Saints so unsaintly. The "Book of Mormon" is not to be described as another Koran, for it expressly forbids polygamy, but Smith's revelation as to plural marriage distinctly made him the "reigning sultan of the church." Exactly how many wives he had "sealed" to him is a mystery, but the revelation concerning "celestial marriage" is clearly a defense mechanism for his personal practices. So much is clear, but the rationalization of this doctrine by the later Mormon writers offers a curious problem which has not yet been solved. The Mormons still teach that the more progeny a man has here on earth the greater shall be his glory in heaven,—a large family shall inhabit a large star. All this might be explained as a projection into the future of the Old Testament doctrine of patriarchal marriage. But the later additions to this doctrine is where the puzzle arises. Where did the Mormons get their system of polytheism which was appended as a vindication of the patriarchal practices? According to this system the highest god is the primeval Adam of Genesis, while Christ, Mohammed, Joseph Smith, and Brigham Young also partake of divinity. And whence came the doctrine that polygamous marriage is supposed to make possible the procreation of enough bodies for thousands of spirits which have long waited incarnation? This was a view held in classical antiquity as one of the arguments in favor of the transmigration of souls, but where did the Latter-Day Saints come across it? Possibly Orson Pratt obtained it as a missionary in England when he wrote that rare and curious pamphlet "The Absurdities of Immaterialism." The Mormon polytheism, like the Mormon hierarchy, is a kind of inverted Gnosticism, but that aberrant third century doctrine of emanations, which starts as pure spirit and ends in base matter, would have been beyond the ken of any wandering Mormon missionary.

These embellishments of polytheism are mysterious as to their origins, but the results of the stark teachings of plural marriage are not. Even faint whisperings of this doctrine were enough to make the Gentiles drive the Mormons in turn from Ohio, Missouri, and Illinois. But we cannot agree with the writer that, while this doctrine still stands written in the official creed of the church, it is still dynamite "to explode and spread devastation far and wide." If monogomy is expensive under the mounting costs of living, polygamy would be ruinous, except possibly in remote sections of Utah where a Mormon farmer might find it cheaper to marry than to hire a cook.

The story of the past practices of polygamy makes a distressing chapter in American history. So does that of "Mormonism and Murder" as in the doctrine of blood atonement which culminated in the Mountain Meadows Massacre. But all this is ancient history. The present problem is economic. Like the halo in the official portrait of Joseph Smith there is more or less myth in the accounts of the great executive ability of Brigham Young. His hand cart expedition across the plains was a failure, and his early management of the church would have led to ruin, had it not been for the fortunate influx of the gold seekers in '49, as Linn points out. His tithing system brought him a personal fortune, as did his preemption of local mining claims. But his Zion's Coöperative Mercantile Institute did not prevent the faithful from buying in the cheaper Gentile stores. We can agree to the "ruthless authority," but not to the high efficiency of his autocracy. His may have been the "Master Mind of Mormonism," but Mormon mentality, as the author well says, was atavistic and anachronistic. Thus the doctrine of heaven as an eternal harem still stands written in the Mormons' own "inspired books." Then, too, Mormon missions are successful only among the ignorant. Finally, the great increase in Mormonism as one writer points out, is purely mythical, since the increase of 10,000 a year is small, considering the efforts put forth by 1,500 full time missionaries. . . .

To speak plainly Mormonism is a second-rate religion and whenever it meets on equal terms religions with a creditable past and a real program, it is helpless. Its persistence in Utah is due to the fact that there it does not meet other religions on terms of equality, but under favorable conditions fixed by itself. Of course the 460,000 Mormons will exercise some influence upon the 4,000,000 other people in states contiguous or accessible to Utah. But the influence of the 4,000,000 upon the 460,000 is what worries the Mormon leaders.

A Bypath of Human Nature

ANTENNÆ. By HULBERT FOOTNER. New York: George H. Doran. 1926. $2.50.

Reviewed by ROBERT MACDOUGALL
Brown University

IN his most recent novel, "Antennæ," Mr. Footner has written a story utterly unlike anything that we have heretofore had from his pen. Since 1911 he has dealt with only three types of fiction: the adventure story, the detective story, and the narrative of exploits, either real or imaginary, in the Canadian Northwest. But with "Antennæ" he enters the field of the psychological, realistic, strictly modern novel. The story is in total effect unpleasant, dealing with two young men of opposite temperaments who clash violently and confusedly from the time of their first meeting until their paths finally part. The victory usually goes to Joe Kaplan, a shrewd, unscrupulous slum-rat, while Wilfred Pell, an earnest, high-minded, plodding youth, must be content to take the leavings from Joe's triumph. Their almost psychopathic antagonism continues from the time of boyhood until the time of their marriages; each has a fascination for the other, a fascination inextricably mixed with instinctive loathing. Truly the conception is remarkable, affording excellent material for the novelist.

Mr. Footner has been to a surprising extent successful in this effort to throw off his former literary habits and to take on the responsibilities of a more difficult type of narrative. "Antennæ" is often powerful and often impressive in its exploration of an eerie bypath of human nature. But it is chaotically scattered and discursive. Many pages and many characters should have been omitted. As a result, we are forced to applaud Mr. Footner's intention rather than his accomplishment, because while we see plainly what he is trying to do we realize that he has to a certain extent failed to do it. But in spite of its lack of discipline and focus the novel is worth the reader's attention; he will remember for many months the tragic episode of these two boys. And even if "Antennæ" is not perfect, Mr. Footner should be happier to have written it than to have added another title to his list of adventure and detective novels. Far too few writers are willing to take a chance.

Manana

TOMORROW MORNING. By ANNE PARRISH. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1927.

Reviewed by GRACE FRANK

"TOMORROW MORNING" gives one the impression of having been born not only without pain, but with joy. As Anne Parrish herself once said of another book, it must have been great fun to write. Fresh and light and gay, the story trips along, even over the rough places, as smoothly and archly as those legless ladies of an earlier day whose most serious ills were the vapors.

Like "The Perennial Bachelor," it begins in the past, coquetting with foibles and fashions that unobtrusively carry us from the period of coupés and wagonettes to the era of taxis and Hispano-Suizas. Again the tale concerns a small community, the town of Westlake (which is probably about as far from New York as Claymont, Delaware), and again the plot involves sacrifice without heroics.

But perhaps sacrifice is too strong a term this time. Kate Green's devotion to her husband, her son, her niece, and to her simple household, for all that it recurrently puts off her problematical career till "tomorrow morning," nevertheless brings her the sort of life for which she is best fitted. Indeed the studio which Kate's kind husband had had prepared for his artistic bride before their marriage and which through the long years gave hospitality in turn to tea-parties, little Charlotte, young Joe, surgical dressings, paying guests (to help Joe get married), and Joe himself again (to help heal his heartache)—the studio probably served many a better purpose than that for which it was originally designed.

Joe undoubtedly thought so. He came upon his mother one day showing her old pictures to his wife:

Two spots of red burned in her cheeks, stars shone in their eyes; her voice was breathless. All about her, propped against the walls and chair legs, were her paintings—dead fish, flowers, two lemons, and a brown jug with a high light, Nellie Verlaine in Grecian costume. For the first time Joe really saw them. And he could hardly bear that even his Evelyn should see. He loved Kate so; he felt so fiercely protective. He was glad for her that life had kept her from her painting, and so not taken away her illusion.

That illusion, however, gave Kate considerable satisfaction. She liked to think the Kate known to Westlake was not the real Kate, the artist-that-might-have-been. And there were other visions that added zest to the performance of her simple duties—the picture of herself in the eyes of others, for instance, as a "wonderful" wife and mother. But for the most part Kate carried on with a modicum of self-deception and introspection; she did whatever had to be done without complaint and without regret.

All this is subtly seen. So, too, one vivid detail is crowded upon another until Westlake's inhabitants and Westlake's social life have become terrifyingly real to us. The author's feeling for form and color, her ability to convey in the fewest of words the sensation that she wishes her people and settings to produce, her perception of the intimate minutiæ that make up the daily existence of most women, her phonographic records of their speech with its italicized pitches and stresses, her gentle, almost naïve, satire—as if a child were unconsciously showing up its elders—these make the reading of much of her book a most delicate pleasure.

One likes, too, her swift sketches of the sophisticates that, in the second part of the story, bring Westlake into sharpened perspective: Ralph Levison, whose father came over in the steerage but who has lent royalty so much money that it has to attend his London parties; Mrs. Prather with her waved orange hair, her mascara lashes, and her fat ankles bulging from crossed gold ribbons; Evelyn's mother who wants Evelyn to marry a wealthy man like Ralph and who greets poor Joe "almost inaudibly through barely moving lips."

One's quarrel with the author—and somehow

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one would as soon quarrel with a silkworm spinning its cocoon—is that her flashing fancy, her ability to catch resemblances, and her feeling for the surfaces of things are not matched by a corresponding interest in the more significant aspects of the varied life she observes so acutely. The crests shimmer and sparkle, but there is never more than the faintest hint of the troughs and the shadows in them. It is not only that the blitheness and sprightliness of her style contrast with the aridity of her matter, but that they seem actually to reflect its essential superficiality.

In the end, Kate and Joe and even Evelyn—not to mention Charlotte, Hoagland, Carrie, and the rest—arouse no sentiment in the reader except one of vague pity for their unimportance. The underlying theme—Kate's eternal inability to recommence her career—never becomes vital to us because Kate herself is so colorless and negligible. And the secondary theme—Evelyn's longing, in the midst of Westlake's futility, for luxury and the great world—lacks all poignancy because Evelyn and her great world seem, on the whole, to be quite tame, tawdry, and commonplace. One feels that, despite their photographic reality, these people and their concerns simply do not matter.

Critics will probably continue to cavil at Anne Parrish for not being other than she is. Some will want her more bitingly ironic or more deeply penetrative, analytical, and interpretative; others will want her to leave Westlake and wrestle with larger problems. All of them, however, must rejoice in her clear, wide-eyed sight of things and people, and in her deliciously humorous peeps around their corners. And for the writer herself it must be ever so much pleasanter to skim happily and merrily over the surface, with an occasional graceful, swan-like dive below, than to wallow and churn and spatter mud all over the place.

Heine As He Was Not

THE SARDONIC SMILE. By LUDWIG DIEHL. Translated by Louise Collier Willcox. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company. 1926. $2.50.

Reviewed by LOUIS UNTERMEYER
Author of "The Poems of Heinrich Heine"

MISS WILLCOX prefaces her translation of Ludwig Diehl's "novelized life" of the German lyricist with a note that, masking as an apologia, is really a challenge. There is enough in the body of the book to provoke any student of Heine without her gratuitous chip on the shoulder. Thus Miss Willcox:

> The Translator wishes to say that she has always known that it was impossible to translate Heine's lyrics. . . . As she foresees, however, the irritation which will be felt by reviewers who have the original lines in mind and heart, she suggests that their best mode of shaming the translator is to produce at once a better version—thereby serving her, the reader, and the great poet himself.

This—though it is particularly difficult for the present reviewer who confesses to having translated some three hundred and fifty of Heine's *lieder*—can be done by citing chapter and verse. And for this there is scarcely room. But when Miss Willcox defies the reviewers to "produce at once a better version" she more than suggests that no one has ever produced a better rendering of "Leise zieht durch mein Gemüt" than:

> Lightly through my spirits steals
> Such a lovely ringing;
> Speed forth, little Song of Spring,
> Speed along a-singing

or that the following has never been improved upon:

> A dream as strange as dream could be,
> It terrorized and frightened me,—
> I see it waking, feel it still,
> My heart beats so it's like to kill.

Has Miss Willcox never read the translations of Charles Godfrey Leland, or Theodore Martin, or Kate Freiligrath, or James Thomson, or Howard Mumford Jones, or a dozen others now out of print? Discarding the interrogatory, I cannot remember—except in a schoolboy examination paper or some burlesque of the awkward—translations more inept, less gracious, and so altogether lacking in the combination of wit, music, and natural speech that is the salient characteristic of Heine.

Aside from the excerpts of poetry quoted in the text, Miss Willcox is satisfactory; she does much better by Diehl than by Heine. But to what purpose? How nearly does the original approximate the mocking executioner of the German Romanticists? The German title of the novel is significant: "Ahasuerus." By which Diehl attempted to make Heine the projection of the Wandering Jew, a scourged pariah seeking to recapture a home he never had, a tragic symbol of the Jewish race *in petto*. To do this Diehl has done violence not only to the facts of Heine's existence, but to the very quality of his life. The author has a theme which is also a thesis, and this *leitmotif* is dragged in whenever the "action" lags (which is often), whenever the rhetoric mounts (which is still more frequent), and whenever Herr Diehl desires to sound a strain that is not so much Zionistic as chauvinistic. Only a Jew suffering from the most aggravated inferiority complex could enjoy an outburst like:

> Sometimes his uncle pointed out a stone showing the hands of Aaron or the dove of Israel, and said softly, half chanting: "You do not know them all and I do not know them all! and yet I do know them all, and you shall know them all. For they are I and thou, and thou and I, and we are all of them. The very earth here upon which we step is flesh of our flesh, and dust of the bodies that moulder here, dust of all the thousands that moulder here so many centuries! Strange to each other and yet the same! Scattered all over the world and yet together! Homeless and unsettled, eternally wandering! The 'Wandering Jew!' Yet never vanishing—still the chosen people, one now and forever. The Wandering Jew! Note it, my son! Be proud of the chosen people! We have no fatherland, say the Teutons. Laugh in their faces. No! Don't laugh; tell them very politely and modestly and think about it, 'He who would rule must seem to serve.' Tell them very modestly, 'The Jew's fatherland is his race!' But be proud of that race in your heart and remain true to it as I have."

The style itself never rises above such fustian. Diehl is either prosy to the pitch of protracted dulness or he rants. I have already quoted an example of his rhodomontade; here is a segment in the quieter, "realistic" vein with which the volume opens:

> One July day in the year 1807, a little broad-shouldered man with a pale face stood at the high bay window of a castle in the extreme east of Germany. He sought with glance and thought to penetrate the strange, hidden world that lay before him, alluring, enticing, but inaccessible. Napoleon, lord of Europe, was looking across into the only land that was still closed to him, Russia. Proudly he raised his powerful head and drew in his tight lips tighter. His eyes shone for a moment and an inner voice spoke: I WILL!

* * *

But, irrespective of Diehl's manner, the adapter had material which, as a pure recital of biographical fact, is far richer than that used in "Ariel" (the life of Shelley), or "Astarte" (the life of Byron), or "Israfel" (the life of Poe). Maurois and Hervey Allen, however, found a way of recreating their poets or, at least, letting them live. Diehl does not even know how to let Heine die. The last episode where La Mouche (absurdly metamorphosed into "Lorelei") takes the center of the stage, begins by being mawkish and ends by becoming maudlin. Instead of the concluding *"Dieu me pardonerra; c'est son métier,"* we have Heine beatifically quoting Goethe between platitudes after his Lorelei has (apocryphally) soothed him with a set of recitations from Hölderlin. The final Heinesque mockery is softened to a pretty fadeout.

And so throughout the work. The chronology is twisted to fit a romantic preconception. The cocotte Matilda is first white-washed so that Heine can marry her; later she is derided so that Heine can be glorified in his last minute literary liaison with Camille Selden. The poems, stuck in like raisins in a rice-pudding, are not illuminated by the prose nor do they reflect the turmoil from which Heine, never, no matter how much he traveled, could escape. Sentimentalized throughout, reduced to almost unrelieved bathos, Heine's agonizing *Whemut* becomes little more than a nostalgia for *Apfelstrudel*. Of the literary *milieu* of his times we are vouchsafed little but some tedious and untidy paragraphs. Of the way in which his cousin's (Amalie's) rejection affected the greater part of his poetry—an influence so enormous that it became the continually recurrent complex of his lyrics, from the anguished "Buch der Lieder" to the twisted "Romancero"—of the very core of his agony we get nothing. Compared to this pretentious and misrepresentative portrait, Zangwill's short story, "A Mattress Grave," is a model of accurate biography. And, apart from the use of Heine's own epigrams Zangwill's pretended to be nothing more faithful than fantasy.

High Comedy

A DEPUTY WAS KING. By G. B. STERN. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. 1926. $2.50.

Reviewed by LEONARD BACON

A NEW society is born. Also Queen Victoria is deader than Queen Anne. And in Miss G. B. Stern a prophetess has arisen in Israel to tell the world about it.

Though her new book perhaps has not the grandeur of conception of "The Matriarch," it makes up for the lack by deeper and more brilliant coloring, and by a subtlety in the analysis and synthesis of character which is beyond praise. Nasty words like genius have to be used at times. Miss Stern has moments when she compels you to use them.

"A Deputy Was King" continues the history of Toni Rakonitz and of the Rakonitz tribe. Readers of "The Matriarch" will remember how Toni had the diadem of the matriarchate set upon her unwilling head in spite of her vehement plea of *nolo episcopari*. This book relates how for a time she abdicated the throne, and how, once a priestess always a priestess, she returned from a freedom that was not everything it was cracked up to be, and again assumed the purple—a matriarch ruling not for any subliminal lust of power, but because some one has got to do it. It tells how Toni married Giles Goddard an Englishman with a more than British capacity for frustration; how Anastasia, the old matriarch, died semi-conscious of defeat; how Toni's wild cousin Loreine eloped with Giles; how the ever delightful Val Power won the War of the Chinese Coat against Loreine (that episode is as fine as anything in these times); how Giles grew not unnaturally weary of Loreine, and conquered Toni by threatening to have another hemorrhage. All this and a great deal more. In short there never was a book of which a summary was likely to give a more unfortunate impression.

* * *

For all the weaknesses of the book lie in the complication of its episodes many of which are not in themselves exciting, while at least two have something of unreality, which only Miss Stern's superb capacity succeeds in concealing. I do not mean that Miss Stern has not told a good story. But I do think that she takes a certain perverse pleasure in getting away with murder, in forcing her characters into occasional situations which illustrate her abilities rather than theirs. And this is strange too, because the power of the book lies in the exquisitely skilful unveiling of personality, till naked loveliness or the deformity which Velasquez liked to paint are alive before you, unconcealed by the conventional.

This unveiling, this development, this evocation of the living thing from the close wrapped chrysalis of the spirit is what constitutes Miss Stern's strength. To the reviewer she appears to have this capacity in a degree as great as any living writer. And this makes her books to him things which, in spite of her lust for paradoxical and bizarre situations, have beauty and force and thrilling motion.

The three principal women are the magnificent results of this power. Loreine is an extraordinary creature. She is the mere image of the feminine element in a man, a troll-woman, an illusion, a Lamia, yet with a strange, agonizingly eager life of her own. Somehow she lives the illusion that she is. And you end by believing in the most unbelievable of created things because she is just as incredible ah half the women you know. Val Power, endued with a pathos that she had not yet acquired in "The Matriarch," is an even more exciting person, with a grip on the reader's sympathies that the unfashionable Victorian novelists knew how to achieve, but whose secret has been lost by the new gang. Finally there is Toni herself with her superb generosities, her endearing imperfections, and her capacity for change that at once astonishes and convinces. All three of these figures have a tremendous existential power that many an actual person lacks.

And beside all this "the brooding humor of Comedy" hovers over every rencounter in the book. Mirth and grief and all their allotropes mingle in a gorgeous alloy. Who that has read it will ever forget Toni's encounter with the "sumptuous bits" in Jimmy Goddard's apartment, or the great clash between hostile branches of the Rakonitz family, when each knew that the other was in a position to levy blackmail, and the floods of natural racial ebullience were damned by conventions which it

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was feared one careless word might shatter. And there are literally dozens of passages equally brilliant, all instinct with genius, all food for that sympathetic laughter which somebody has called the greatest of human pleasures.

Much more could be said. "A Deputy Was King" is an admirable and engaging book, full of living people and the divine breath of high comedy. Why should one say more, when there has been consonance in a sequel?

Wages of Sin; to Date

THE ELDER BROTHER. By ANTHONY GIBBS. New York: The Dial Press. 1926. $2.

KINDLING AND ASHES. By GEORGE BARR MCCUTCHEON. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co. $2.

Reviewed by H. W. BOYNTON

IN "Peter Vacuum" the youngest novelist in the Gibbs family produced a story that seemed more than a "first novel of promise." It had life and spontaneity, and it hung together. "The Elder Brother," somehow, is "not so good." "Peter Vacuum" was a story of undergraduate experience by one who had quite recently ceased to be an undergraduate. "The Elder Brother," with one foot still in the academic world, feels doubtfully with the other for some kind of foothold in the world which lies outside and beyond.

The brothers Ronald and Hugo Bellairs represent a carefully arranged contrast between the pre-war and after-war generations, or points of view. Ronald has been just old enough for war service. He comes out of it with credit, but secretly unstrung and unfitted to make much of his later life. He is the dispirited child of a period which made a good deal of honor and duty and so on. It all seems to him a little hollow, now, and yet something to be clung to—for what else is there? Hugo was too young for the war. "The world was very good to Hugo." He is the kind of lad who, without any particular virtues or achievements, always falls on his feet. At Oxford (where Ronny painfully supports him) he cuts a dash with his genius for jazz. He is the last word in juvenile egotism and irresponsibility. The old fetishes—decency, chivalry, honor—mean less than nothing to him.

So it comes about that Hugo has all the fun, and Ronny pays the piper. The tale would have been less like a tract if things had been evened up a little. There is too much villain and hero about the business as it stands. Hugo might better have been allowed a qualm or two—and one does hope till the last that Ronny will prove himself something more than a sentimental weakling. When, in the end, Hugo has robbed his brother of everything he values, including his good name and his girl, and Ronny seeks him out, automatic in hand, we do look for something to be doing. But Hugo wins as usual; all he has to do is to look Ronny in the eye, and that nerveless dreamer asks for the loan of a tenner and slinks from the room "out into the fog," says the chronicle, which differs only by a word from the classic phrase of melodrama.

This, we may say, is the sardonic moral of the tract: that in the modern scene, the world of the youngest generation, Self properly wins; and all the old patter about goodness and honor becomes a vague tinkling echo out of the foolish past. Hugo may be admired as a player who cheats and "gets away with it;" Ronny, with his silly self-sacrifice, is merely contemptible. He is both sheep and goat in this parable!

However, virtue did not always bring home the bacon, even in Victorian days. Nor, according to Mr. McCutcheon's testimony, did vice always get what was coming to it. "Kindling and Ashes" testifies that phrases like "murder will out" did not always fit the fact. This is a long and not so exciting yarn about a young man of high repute who shot the husband, married the wife, and lived happy, or at least undetected, ever afterward. He had the pleasure not only of committing the crime, but of reaping its full reward. Remorse did not devastate his days, nor was he moved by any sentimental weakness to a deathbed confession. The only thing that modified the satisfaction of Rufus Playdon the murderer was the suspicion that his wife still romantically preferred the memory of the murdered Bennie Jaggard.

The Bowling Green

Twilight of the Gods

[*Written for a special supplement of the Manchester Guardian, October, 1926, and reprinted here by request.*]

THERE is a young man called Harold Underhill who lives in a sea-chest; he has lived there for many years and will never live anywhere else. He was born in Manchester. He was the hero of my Oxford novel, which was begun long ago. (They were all writing them then: Mr. Compton Mackenzie started it, I think; or was it Mr. Galsworthy, who wrote a novel about a New College undergraduate who fell in love with his tutor's wife?—not nearly so improbable a fall as you might imagine). It was not finished. That is good news for you; but I well remember when Harold was born; it was in a third-class smoking carriage in a big railway station in Manchester, waiting for the London express to pull out. The carriage, fortunately, was empty save for the agitated parent. It was autumn, 1911, and how it was raining. It had been raining for several days. I remember the first sentence without going to the sea-chest where Harold lies full fathom five—though not converted into anything rich or strange. "The wet week-end in Manchester was over."

Manchester ought to be glad to know how narrowly it escaped being in the first chapter of one of the worst Young Oxford novels that never were published. That was the first thing I ever did for Manchester. I should like to be able to do something less negative. But Manchester was then in my mind, for I had just spent a happy week-end in some region of the city mysteriously abbreviated as C.-on-M., a contraction still enigmatic to me. And of that first visit I now remember very little except a large bookshop where I bought some book (but what?); a Christian Science church which struck me as beautiful and dignified; and a performance of Miss Horniman's company in "John Gabriel Borkman." But I think that even then, young and green as I was, I caught some obscure sensibility of the vigorous, honest, unpretentious culture that is characteristic of big manufacturing towns. I don't enjoy the word "culture," but what other can we use? Intellectualism? Whatever you call it, that fine curiosity of the mind, it often seems so much more vital, less palaverish, in the provinces than in the capital. The centre of things—London, New York, Paris—too rapidly becomes eccentric. So it is that on our side, too, you are more likely, often, to find a real going in the mulberry trees a little away from the brilliant glamour of the Via Alba Maxima.

My second visit to Manchester—alas! for one night only—was two years ago. Since then I always associate the city with a place which is as unlike it as possible—Gilbert White's Selborne. Because in an underground bookshop somewhere in Manchester I bought an old copy of that book, which I have never really read; but I was moved to buy it partly because two members of the *Manchester Guardian* staff were with me, and they seemed to be discovering desiderated treasures on every shelf, and I was ashamed of not finding anything that spoke to my condition. And partly because of the odd surprise of the first passage in Selborne which my eye fell upon—"Some young men went down lately to a pond on the verge of Wolmer Forest to hunt flappers." It appeared on further study that flappers were "young wild ducks"—again the Ibsen touch.

I have a sort of feeling, I don't know why, that Manchester is the kind of place where Ibsen is played more often than anywhere else. Though when I was there two years ago the most conspicuous announcements were of "Ruggles of Red Gap" at some kinema. Ruggles, in his way, is just as considerable as Ibsen; have you read the book? It broods lightly over the abyss that sometimes separates the English and American senses of what is amusing.

My later visit to Manchester, the only one of which I retain clear vision, was brief and entirely personal. It is implicated in my private admiration and affection for certain members of the "Manchester Guardian" staff, and I cannot write about it without appearing unseemly. So I cannot tell you about my impressions of Manchester, for they were of people rather than of buildings, institutions, or economic consequences. I have no theory of Manchester's greatness. I have felt very strongly there, even in only a few hours, an undertow of what might be called a Quakerish sort of feeling. It is a feeling I am susceptible to; I know it well round Philadelphia, another great manufacturing city.

You see for a great many of us beyond the horizon Manchester is the *Manchester Guardian*, and it might surprise you to know how many of the *Manchester Guardian* people, whom I suppose you take for granted, are household words in New York or Baltimore or Boston. Better than household words, perhaps, because those are often argumentative. You will not mind my telling you that I now remember that platform of your Midland Station not as the place where Harold Underhill was born, but as the place where I first saw C. E. M. And when Mr. Montague writes a novel or Mr. Monkhouse a play, or your London Letter gives us the bad news that the Cheshire Cheese parrot can only be superannuated with minims of Scotch whiskey, we know about these things almost as soon as you do. And it is in your own columns, for instance, that we have seen the most brilliant and humorous commentary yet written on New York architecture.

I would not be quite honest if I did not add that my brief impression of Manchester, two years ago, was further dimmed in my cortex by extreme weariness. Nothing is so fatiguing as strong admiration, and an overindulgence in this exciting emotion can only be requited by sleep. But to my companion, a man of most rugged northern fibre, this visit to Manchester was all in the line of duty. The clean-cut little ponies that deliver your evening papers, the velvety chiaroscuro of soot on your Art Gallery, the six-inch waxed mustachios of a janitor at a big draper's shop, the underground bookstore, the thrilling, smoky dusk, and the amber light seen through glassware in pubs—all these were not physically exhausting to him as they were to me. And so, when we visited the Press Club toward midnight, he was just ready to unleash his mind for exercise. It shames me to recall how for the ensuing two or three hours, while he and others were eager to dissect the universe of thought, I could only anticipate bed and a secret unpacking of my too-crowded grey matters. And when, in that delightful commercial hotel to which we eventually resorted, full of Landseer engravings, my host settled down again for more gay conversation, I felt like the stag at bay. He wondered why I slept most of the way back to London in the train the next morning. But I have not forgotten the quaint face and Midland accent of the elderly chambermaid, nor the long search, down mahogany stairways, for a bath.

I think it was knowing at Oxford several men from the Manchester Grammar School that first gave me the notion that wits are very much alert in that twilight of the gods. The little that I have seen of cities of that sort—Philadelphia, Pittsburgh, Chicago, Belfast, Glasgow—always somehow makes me think of a man who would have queerly understood their extraordinary subtle magic. I hope you read him sometimes—I mean Walt Whitman.

CHRISTOPHER MORLEY.

Teaching Our Literature

(*Continued from page* 493)

own fashion. Cooper as a romanticist of adventure yields little of his quality, Emerson as a romantic philosopher is inexpressive beside the prophet who phrased the idealism of a young nation, Thoreau must not be divorced from wild nature, Mark Twain from the frontier, Poe from the revolt against colonialism, Melville from the focal point of the Protestant conscience in America. If we are to have sound instruction in our own literature, it must be taught as art conditioned by the American environment. Read the great Americans as they wrote, not to illustrate America (except for Cooper in his decadence), but because they had something to say, and could say it finely, and not without reference to the America that bred them.

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Books of Special Interest

The Dardanelles

THE PERILS OF AMATEUR STRATEGY. By Lt. Gen. SIR GERALD ELLISON. New York: Longmans, Green & Co. 1926.

Reviewed by T. H. THOMAS

"THE horrible tragedy of Gallipoli, where the best soldiers in the world were sacrificed to politicians' policies." This quotation from Walter W. Page stands as the text of General Ellison's lively study of the Dardanelles Campaign. The text is shrewdly chosen: Mr. Page spoke not as a soldier but as a civilian, and was on the friendliest terms with the politicians concerned; and this little book makes clear that his sharp condemnation was not a mere outburst of feeling nor an off-hand personal opinion, but an accurate summing up of the case.

The author's purpose is not to take up again the military controversies of the campaign, but to make clear the confusion of policy and strategy which led to the most tragic venture of the war, and to prevent a similar blunder occurring again. His book is a plea for a clearer division of authority and responsibility in deciding upon war-time strategy. General Ellison is no partisan of the Ludendorff doctrine, but stands squarely on the principle that the Government—the politicians—must determine the general course of policy. What happened in Downing Street in 1915 was that no clear course of policy was surveyed in the first place. The whole Dardanelles venture was undertaken on the off-hand assumption that the mere arrival of a British fleet off Constantinople would cause Turkey to disappear from the war. Lord Grey's memoirs pointed out in retrospect the folly of this assumption. General Ellison now adds that what the Turks actually planned in case the fleet entered was to withdraw their government and army to the Asiatic shore; and a few batteries of Turkish artillery opposite Gallipoli would have left the fleet cut off inside the Sea of Marmora. This same course would have been followed even if the British troops had finally conquered the peninsula. Thus, the collapse of Turkey, which was the real objective, was no more than a hypothetical consequence of a successful military or naval operation. Strategically, the whole venture was a gamble on a Turkish revolution.

The author's main point is that the Gallipoli bungle was due not to politicians rather than to soldiers *per se*, but to the fact that their respective functions were hopelessly confused in the method followed at London. It is made clear that the faults were by no means on one side. Civilian cabinet members discussed and decided technical military problems—intricate matters such as the effectiveness of five different types of naval artillery. The Admiralty from beginning to end showed no hesitation in planning ambitious military operations for the army; and Lord Fisher ventured freely into questions of general war policy quite outside his own sphere. Lord Grey has courageously admitted that the blame must fall on the war cabinet as a whole; but the present author makes clear that Winston Churchill above all was responsible both for the confusion of procedure and for the course followed. The confusion, moreover, was in large part deliberate: a means by which Churchill guided the discussion in the Cabinet in such a way as to insure the decision he wanted. Knowing that his naval advisers (all three of them admirals of his own choosing) were against a purely naval operation, Churchill gave the Cabinet the directly contrary impression by doing the talking himself, keeping his admirals silent, and allowing the Cabinet to believe that his statements represented their views. This deliberate misrepresentation was followed up by correspondingly tortuous methods in forcing Lord Kitchener's hand, after it had been clearly agreed upon that the army was not to be called upon to take part.

Altogether, General Ellison brings against Churchill by far the most serious indictment yet put forward. It is all the more convincing in being free from the personal animus that often enters in; and it is made up of specific facts formally on record rather than on sweeping charges. The author never once resorts to "inside" information or undisclosed official secrets; his most important evidence is cited from the report of the Dardanelles commission or from Churchill's own book; and in essential points his argument is confirmed by Lord Grey's understanding of the case, as set forth so candidly in his Memoirs.

Science and Bunk

WHY INFECTIONS: In Teeth, Tonsils, and Other Organs. By NICHOLAS KOPELOFF. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. 1926.

OUTWITTING OLD AGE. By R. L. ALSAKER, M.D. New York: Grant Publications, Inc. 1926.

Reviewed by JOHN E. LIND, M.D.

ANY book which deals with one of the two great instincts is sure of an attentive audience. The presses pour out on the country every year sufficient and a surfeit of books on the more interesting of the two, but here and there is found a volume whose theme is self-preservation.

Dr. Kopeloff has written on the subject of infections, and Alsaker on living to be 125. Kopeloff's book is a clear presentation for the layman of the present-day knowledge of infections. Dr. Alsaker's book is a lightly veiled advertisement of the Alsaker methods, and the other Alsaker books which latter, the jacket blurb tells us, have sold over 100,000.

In Kopeloff's book he has avoided on the one hand the temptation to be so scientific and technical as to be unintelligible and on the other hand the error that so many writers of popular science make, the journalistic style, full of easy generalities and pseudo-humor. Instead, he has given us a simple, restrained presentation of the subject. After a brief, but sufficiently complete exposition of the general subject of bacteria and infection, he describes particularly the focal infections which have been blamed of recent years for nearly everything, especially those of the teeth and tonsils. The evidence for and against the production of systemic disorders by infections in these and other parts of the body is examined dispassionately. He shows how it is quite possible that infected tonsils may cause rheumatism, for example, but warns us also that tonsils are useful little organs.

When he says such things as "It is generally agreed that during childhood the tonsils are most important. A slight enlargement at such times is not unusual, and should cause little concern; certainly it is no sufficient cause for their removal," and again, "Some children look stupid because of the kind of parents they have had forced upon them, while others have enlarged adenoids. . . . The mere enlargement of adenoids is not sufficient cause in itself for their removal," he is sounding the perhaps ineffectual protest of scientific common sense against the wave of popular surgery. Again he calls attention to the fact that European surgeons do not indulge in such wholesale removal of infected organs as American ones, and yet no one denies the competency of foreign physicians and surgeons. They are thoroughly familiar with the present knowledge of bacteriology, and as anxious as their American colleagues to benefit their patients, but they are less ready to extract appendices, tonsils, and teeth. Dr. Kopeloff thinks this fact should give us pause. Perhaps, he says, the American patient wants "something done" at once, he wants "action," "service."

In view of the wide publicity which has been given in the last few years to the alleged cure of many cases of insanity by extracting infected teeth, Kopeloff's remarks on the subject are illuminating. After presenting fairly the claims of the proponents of this theory, he describes its fair and scientific trial at the Manhattan State Hospital, and shows how it was proved that removal of infected teeth or of any other foci of infection had no effect whatever on the mental illnesses of the patients.

Dr. Kopeloff's book can be recommended without qualification to all laymen who are interested in the subject of infections. It is one which might well be placed in the physician's waiting-room with his copy of *Hygeia*. The busy doctor has but little time to educate the laity, but books of this sort will go far toward that end.

Alsaker's book is one of those nature-healing, think-beautiful-thoughts, and throw-the-drugs-out-of-the-window books which have a certain vogue. We gather from it that any gentleman of sixty or seventy, with myocarditis, arteriosclerosis, and Bright's disease can regulate his diet, and become rejuvenated. One is tempted on reading such stuff to retort with the current catchword, So can his old man.

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Books of Special Interest

Island History

PORTO RICO: History and Conditions, Social, Economic and Political. By KNOWLTON MIXER. New York: The Macmillan Company. 1926. $4.

By PAUL G. MILLER

Ex-Commissioner of Education, Porto Rico

AT no place on the face of the earth, and at no time in the world's history has there been a people who have achieved the remarkable progress accomplished by the people of Porto Rico during the first quarter of the twentieth century. Therefore any publication that throws new and clearer light on their conditions and problems should find a ready welcome from American readers. Col. Mixer had the good fortune of several months' residence in Porto Rico, in a position where he was brought into close touch with economic and social conditions. Hence it is to be expected that his book comes nearer the truth than those publications written hastily by the transient visitor.

Of the fifteen chapters, one is devoted to geology, topography, and geography, five to history, two to economic conditions, two to social problems, and one each to customs and habits, the "Jibaro," education, government, and twenty-five years of American coöperation. Information valuable to prospective visitors, such as transportation, hotels, the cost of living, a summary of organic laws, are found in appendices. Thirty-five illustrations and a road map add to the attractiveness of the book, which includes a good, though rather incomplete bibliography.

In the chapters on social problems the author is frankly at his best. The social aspects of overpopulation, unemployment, the concentration of land in large holdings, family life and moral standards, women and child labor, poverty, health and sanitation, the need of more diversified industries, crime, juvenile delinquency, prohibition, the housing problem, the work of philanthropic agencies—all these receive attention. He says:

> The problem, therefore, of a constantly mounting population, which is not as yet adequately maintained, becomes the problem of the rural worker, who has largely lost his independence and is dependent on the very small number into whose hands the wealth of the Island has fallen. . . . From the chronic oversupply of his services, the seasonal nature of the industry in which he is engaged, and the lack of other employment to which he might turn, the farm laborer, no matter how vigorously he may seek it, is sure to be out of a job for at least a portion of the year.

A separate chapter is devoted to the "Jibaro," the naturally shrewd, patient, unlettered, courteous, undernourished, hospitable, hard-working, and long-suffering peasant. His food, housing, clothing, his illiteracy, his excellent qualities and the possibility of his development, together with efforts made for his improvement are treated.

> The most hopeful feature of the present situation is that the problem of the Jibaro has at length been recognized and accepted as a distinct responsibility of government, which means of the small ruling class, and that intelligent and sympathetic effort is now directed towards means for its solution."

The chapter on education, while good, has its limitations. Speaking of the first Porto Rican commissioner of education, the author says, "His administration is still too young to admit of judicial scrutiny." Today "still too young" sounds a bit naïve to those who know that the first four-year term of that official expired in October, 1925. Had the author examined Dr. J. J. Osuna's scholarly work on "Education in Porto Rico," which finds no place in the bibliography, the treatment of this subject would have been much broader. There is no hint or recommendation as to any present-day innovations, new plans, or broader visions for the future.

The author deserves credit for having excluded from his historical account a number of myths that have long been dished up for tourist consumption. But this exclusion is more than counterbalanced by the number of errors that are found throughout the book. It would be quite futile to attempt to list them all, but a few examples will suffice. He places Rincon in the southwest, he lists Aguenaba as a town, he locates the Ateneo on the Plaza Alfonso XII, he gives two different locations for Caparra, the original capital, he says the body of Ponce de León lies in the Dominican Convent, he dates the so-called Water Gate "Circa 1550," and so forth.

But even events in the memory of the present generation are confused. On page 144 he places the War with Spain (1898) after the disastrous San Ciriaco hurricane (1899). On pages 310-311, in speaking of "Amendments to the Constitution of the United States," the author states: "The organic act specifically delegated to the people of Porto Rico the decision as to whether they wished the Eighteenth Amendment to apply or not. At an election following the approval of the act, a vote was taken which resulted in favor of applying the amendment." The facts are as follows: Prohibition in Porto Rico was made mandatory by the organic act, unless the people should vote to the contrary. The petition to have the question submitted to popular vote was presented by the "wets." The vote took place in July, 1917. The Eighteenth Amendment was not adopted until January 29, 1919, and did not become effective until January 16, 1920. It is clear that the people of Porto Rico did not vote on an amendment that did not exist.

It is hoped that a number of misspelled proper names, wrong initials, and erroneous dates will not detract from the general reader's interest. It would have been well to have given the correct dates of all the publications listed in the bibliography, for it is an easy matter to get the date by examining the publication itself. Some of the statistics are obsolescent. The reader of 1926 has little interest in the percentage of unemployment in 1913, the number of persons arrested in 1915-16, the classes of crimes in 1913-14, and the number of laborers on strike in 1914-15. What are the figures for 1925?

On the whole the book lacks proper balance. There are too many figures, dates, and statistics for popular consumption. On the other hand, there are parts of the book that are not sufficiently exact to make it a thoroughly reliable source of information for the scholar. Nevertheless, with all the deficiencies noted—and omitted—Mixer's "Porto Rico" is believed to be today the best book available on the subject in the English language. The prospective visitor, the investor, as well as the general reader will find in it much needed and useful information.

Mr. Mixer's historical treatment is disappointing. It lacks proper perspective, and shows too much reliance on secondary sources. Hence the author commits the error of repeating errors committed by others, instead of checking back to original sources. For example, he repeats the account of the first coming of Ponce de León, given by Van Middledyk and others, and lands him at Aguada. "From this point he traversed the Island in a northwesterly direction until he arrived at the bay on which San Juan is now located." A glance at the map convinces the reader that such a route is impossible. "Another account places the landing at Guanica at which point the Captain met and conferred with the Cacique Aquebana." This "other" account is precisely Ponce de León's own, taken from his report to Governor Ovando of Santo Domingo, and published by Dr. Cayetano Coll y Toste, official historian of Porto Rico, in the Boletín Histórico. It seems that the author is not acquainted with the wealth of historical source material represented by the twelve volumes of original documents, published by Dr. Coll y Toste, for no mention thereof is made in the bibliography, nor in the list of publications covered by his acknowledgments.

The Spanish period is hardly more than a mere skeleton. The defense of San Juan under Governor Ramón de Castro during the memorable siege by the British under Abercrombie and Harvey, the most prominent exploit in Porto Rico's history previous to the change of sovereignty, is accorded a full chapter by other historians. Mixer dispatches it in four brief lines.

The two chapters dealing with the American period contain much political detail that is not essential, and in which no one, except the immediate participants are interested. The names of American governors and department heads abound; but the reader searches in vain for the names of prominent Porto Ricans, who strove for the advancement of their beloved Borinquen during the Spanish régime. Men and the achievements of men constitute the stuff of which history is made. Where are the names of Betances, Ruiz, Belvis, Acosta, Vizcarrondo, Quiñones, Baldorioty de Castro, Blanco, Matienzo Cintrón, Stahl, de Hostos, Degetau, and others, honored and revered by all patriotic Porto Ricans? Luis Muñoz Rivera, in their estimation, the greatest leader of them all, and José Celso Barbosa, the idol of a large minority, are mentioned only casually.

Humorous Travel

DENATURED AFRICA. By DANIEL W. STREETER. Putnams. 1926. $2.50.

IT is impossible not to view with approval the increasing number of books of travel designed largely, and more often than not successfully, to disable the reader with laughter. Carveth Wells's "Six Years in the Malay Jungle" was one such book to attain this amiable end, and "Denatured Africa" is another. Mr. Streeter (a brother, by the way, of the creator of "Dere Mable") went to Africa with the enthusiasm of a college boy on the loose. Nowhere is this demonstrated better, perhaps, than in the immense pains to which he and his friend Flint put themselves to shove a tin of cigarettes and a box of matches through the generous ear lobes of a young and willing African damsel. There were also some hilarious episodes involving two pet monkeys who ended a riotous evening by climbing into bed with the author, suggesting to him a Kentucky legislator's dream of purgatory. He was accompanied by his son, aged thirteen (the youngest generation has all the fun nowadays). Mr. Streeter accomplished much of what he set out to do. He shot at every animal in sight—and there were many—and occasionally hit one. The book is not entirely a *tour de force* of high spirits, for the author more than once shows his serious feeling that the dark continent is still far from being the tame and insipid place his title might suggest.

Erratum

Through error a quotation from Philip Guedalla's "Palmerston," issued by Benn Brothers of London, and shortly to be published in this country by G. P. Putnam's Sons, was run in the department, "The New Books," in the issue of the *Saturday Review of Literature* of January 1. The paragraph, quite obviously not a comment upon the book but a selection from it, was intended for the Salad Bowl.

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Foreign Literature

A Versatile Man

LA VIE PARESSEUSE DE RIVAROL. Par Louis Latzarus. Paris. Librarie Plon. 1926.

Reviewed by Pierre Loving

THE indolence of literary men is one of those widespread proverbial myths whose validity it is is well, now and again, to investigate and revalue. The author of the present biography of one of the most attractive figures in the royalist camp during the French revolution has clearly invited the challenge by his title "the lazy life of Rivarol;" but when you have come to the end of the book, traversing the inner and outer events of a man's full days, you are quite at a loss to see the fitness of the title. Rivarol was not only one of the most courageous of early French journalists and thinkers, but he was a first-rate wit, a beau, a legendary man-about-town, a Sheridan of Grub Street, of the Saint-Sulpice quarter, to be exact, a Dr. Johnson of the French revolution, whose learning while not so wide as the famous lexicographer's, was deeper and more far-reaching.

When the English reader encounters the provocative figure of Rivarol, or of men of his character which nations or races other than his own have produced, he is brought up with something of a start. If he possesses a fine sensibility and a historical sense, he will discover, as though with the aid of a divining-rod he had come upon buried gold, that eminent men, especially revaluers of values, are the fruit of a long-tended and expanding culture. He will perhaps begin to inquire into the origins of his readiest ideas, those that fly to his lips in moral suasion, aphorisms, witty epigrams, saws and the most psychological odds and ends of job-wisdom which are current in his own time. And the historical process, even while it is as it were in the very act of revealing its innermost workings, will become for him one of the most mysterious forces of life.

The present life of Rivarol, free-lance journalist, translator of Dante, moulder and shaper of the French language, royalist, polemical writer of the very first rank whose greatest gift in controversy was a withering satirical sense that amounted almost to genius, does indeed betray the origins of a good many nineteenth century ideas. It is quite true that Rivarol was a friend of Voltaire and imbibed from that fount many of his own principles and attitudes, save the attitude he finally took toward the Revolution. Also Voltaire was directly responsible for his translation of the "Inferno," although the stimulus grew out of a friendly discussion and the result out of what seems to have been a mere wager. Rivarol always needed some goad of this nature before he could get to work. But once on his road—especially if his instrument chanced to be edged with caustic satire—he went merrily along and not even the gods of his day, sealed in complacent and isolated self-applauded bliss, were exempt from his keen two-edged blade.

Rivarol started in life as a monk. His father was an innkeeper of Bagnols. Quite early he was known as "the handsome abbé" and it might be said that even after innumerable vicissitudes and changes of scene he remained to his dying day "the handsome abbé" of his nonage. His friend, Michel de Cubieres, who shared his youthful dreams and aspirations, suddenly went to Paris to live and Rivarol soon followed. All the adventures he encountered along the road are not known, but it is suspected that he joined a traveling circus, was helped by a dowager in a carriage, and when he arrived in Paris at last was no longer Rivarol, son of a humble but lettered innkeeper of Bagnols, but the Chevalier de Rivarol, descendent of the Rivaroli of Milan who had also produced a Cardinal and a Marquis de Rivarol, a tall, jolly, likable fellow, who had served in the army of Louis XIV. A ball caused him to lose his leg in battle, but, undiscouraged, he had a wooden one made to take its place, resumed his military career, and played tennis for his proper amusement. At Nerwinden, a second ball shattered his wooden limb. He fell and laughingly cried: "The big fools! They've only gone and wasted a shot. They don't know that I have two other legs of the same make in my valise." Rivarol, it will be seen, chose his ancestry with impeccable taste and a wise discrimination. About this time, having heard of his classical gifts and his talent for making satirical verses probably from d'Alembert, Voltaire sent the young arrival some verses commencing thus:

En vain ma Muse surannée
Voudrait, ainsi que vous, rimer des vers aisés.
Je sens que ma force est bornée.

When Voltaire came to Paris himself shortly afterward, d'Alembert arranged a meeting. Rivarol was the nephew of Deparcieux, a minor writer on scientific subjects, whom Voltaire had read. They talked about Deparcieux, algebra, Dante, and the sottishness of the ornate translations of the day. One of the most admired authors of the day was Delille, who translated the Georgics of Virgil in a high, stilted style. He also wrote a poem entitled "Jardins" in his own version of the Virgilian manner. This was just what Rivarol needed to whet his long-unused weapon of satire. And so he wrote his death-dealing satirical poem in which a turnip and a cabbage discuss Delille's garden and upbraid him for neglecting the leafy humility of plain kitchen or backyard plots. Nevertheless M. Latzarus insists that his life was undirected and lazy.

The reason for this short-sighted view is that Rivarol, instead of working in the day time, frequented the popular salons and cafés of the day and held all spellbound by his biting wit, his stories, his philosophical epigrams. His conversation, like that of Oscar Wilde, was so scintillating that a drawing-room was sure to grow suddenly hushed when he made his entry. Almost the first sentence from his mouth would be a polished and cutting bit of comment on a book just issued, a personality new come to town, a play by Beaumarchais; wit, classical allusion, philosophy all mixed together in his mind to give birth to one perfect irreproachable epigram. He would stay up night after night amusing his friends who gave him dinners gladly in return for his spate of talk.

His marriage proved to be a fiasco. The present writer makes much of the puritanism of his Scottish wife. But to Rivarol, who was the roaring lion of his day and who played the king of the forest in his amours, any wife would have been a puritan even if she had been as accommodating as Phryne or Madame de Montespan. He left his wife and child eventually and it was she who shamed him later—with the help of his enemies, to be sure—by her extreme poverty. The Academy used to dole out an annual reward to some person who had distinguished him- or herself for some noble and charitable deed. Well, it was Madame Rivarol's servant who received the reward one year for her unselfish devotion to the abandoned wife of the famous pamphleteer. The Academy, panoplied and beribboned foe of Rivarol, thus dryly revenged itself upon the man who had mercilessly excoriated that institution.

But Rivarol had his revenge too. The Academy of Berlin offered a prize for an essay on the French language and Rivarol won the prize—at least one-half of it, for the other moiety went, for political reasons no doubt, to a German professor. This essay, subsequently published, gained him world-wide fame. It was read by all the leaders of European thought who wrote to Rivarol, praising both his French style and the clarity and suppleness of this thought. His satire of the "Almanach," an annual handbook of the best-known authors of his day, stirred Paris to its foundations and gained him an iron circle of many more powerful enemies. Rivarol in his way was as scathing as Heine was later on and, like Heine, was finally driven into exile.

But his exile was largely, if not entirely, due to his political opinions. Time and time again he took it upon himself to warn the king and his ministers that the people were an irresistible force and must be dealt with in other fashion than was the wont. He wrote with a vitriolic pen against those priests and statesmen who still believed that they could with impunity drug the minds and hearts of the people with the soporific of hand-me-down religion. This he did preëminently in his famous reply to Necker. He did not, however, foresee the colossal sequel of his theoretic words. No one could, in point of fact, see it at that time. When the revolution broke out—to a contemporary it came of course slowly, step by step—he was not in the least overwhelmed. He followed the movement, studied it, analyzed it, improvised measures for its alleviation, even for consolidation of what had been won by the people up to that point. He was a sage royalist.

He lived in exile here and there, in Belgium and in Germany, where he was well received. But his popularity abroad did not endure for long. The French ambassador saw to that. After a troublesome sojourn in Berlin, he thought of returning to Bagnols, his birthplace. He never reached it. He died a broken exile, dreaming of the warm solace and quietude of his native Languedoc.

Caesarism

CAESAR: GESCHICHTE SEINES RUHMS. By Friedrich Gundolf. Berlin: George Bondi. 1926.

CAESAR IM NEUNZEHNTEN JAHRHUNDERT. By Friedrich Gundolf. Berlin: George Bondi. 1926.

Reviewed by A. W. G. Randall

THE newest German translator of Shakespeare, critic, symbolist poet, and follower and chief exponent of Stefan George, has served two purposes in these two volumes. He has first given an exhaustive review of Caesar-criticism and appreciation throughout the centuries, from Suetonius and Plutarch down to Mommsen and Nietzsche; his second, less obtruded but probably more important purpose, has been to revive the Caesar-mythus, or, more strictly, contribute to the revival which was already in progress in Europe before he began to write. For no one who looks around present-day Europe can doubt that the cry for the "strong man," for the "dictator"—Italy is not the only country where this has become a fixed habit of thought with influential people—is coming to be identified, with the historically-minded at least, with the figure of Julius Caesar. There are plays about him in the Italian bookshops; today when one says Pope it is almost instinctive, perhaps it always was with the studious, to say "Caesar," and Herr Spengler, the philosopher of European decadence, in his war-time tract "Preussentum und Sozialismus," may to a certain extent claim a prophet's mantle for his dictum that the present century would not produce another Goethe, but might quite well give birth to a second Caesar.

And this, although he does not quote Spengler, is Herr Gundolf's starting-point. By his review of all that great minds have said or thought about Caesar—humanists like Petrarch (the "rediscoverer of Caesar as an historical personality"), Fathers of the Church like Saint Anselm, reformers like Luther, conquerors like Napoleon, poets like Shakespeare and Voltaire and Byron, like Bacon and Montaigne, painters like Mantegna, critics like Herder, philosophers like Hegel and Nietzsche—with this painstaking but far from dry or uncritical panorama Herr Gundolf clearly hopes to create an atmosphere favorable to a new Caesar-cult. At the end of his second volume, which is a brief but fascinating review of Caesar-criticism in the nineteenth century, this aim is openly avowed. To Herr Gundolf Nietzsche is the modern re-creator of the figure of Caesar. To the philosopher of the Superman Caesar was a "gesundete Zarathrustra" and from a union between his perception of this fact and his longing for its realization came forth his dream of a wise, masterful ruler, noble and creative.

It would be unfair to leave the impression that this is the sum of Herr Gundolf's book. All his summaries of Caesar-criticism are skilfully welded together with much wise observation, vivid description, and acute interpretation. He enables us, in few lines, to grasp the difference between Caesar and Alexander, the first surveying the world calmly as a field to be ploughed, the second lost in wonder of the mysteries beyond its borders. There has hardly been a more succinct account of Petrarch's significance in Caesar-criticism, or of the value of Mommsen's work, or—less familiar—of Comte's "reaction" to the Caesar-legend. But at the end, it is not unfair to say, the more practical aim supersedes the purely historical, and Herr Gundolf commits himself to saying that if the "master of men" has not yet appeared, his spirit is again abroad, its features those of Caesar as limned by Nietzsche.

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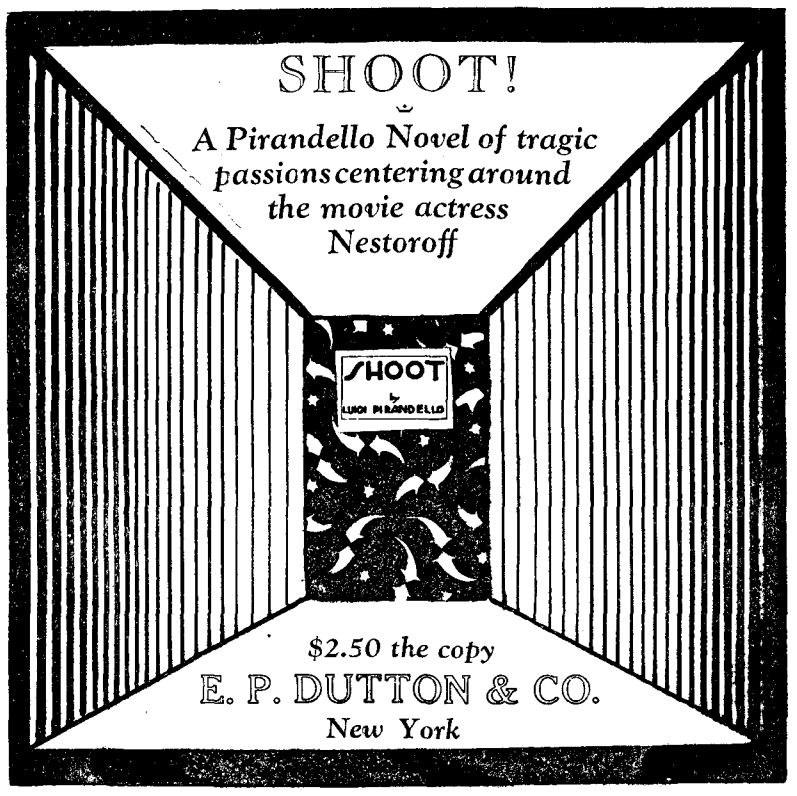

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The New Books

The books listed by title only in the classified list below are noted here as received. Many of them will be reviewed later.

Art

THE SPIRIT AND SUBSTANCE OF ART. By LOUIS W. FLACCUS. **Crofts.** 1926.

If the reader of this interesting book is led by its title to expect to find its author unfolding a profound study of æsthetic doctrine he will be disappointed; on the other hand he will find in it a very broad consideration of artistic expression in its many forms, and in presenting this the author does a service to all students of art who may turn to its pages. For the average man comes to this study through interest in some special art, and the natural development of that interest is likely to lead him to overlook the fact that the art upon which his attention is concentrated is but one of many forms in which men express their æsthetic longings. If this fact is impressed upon the student he will find himself compelled to think in terms broader than the special art in which he is working, and will thus be forced to give serious attention to the creations of the artistic masters of the past. He will thus become wary when he is asked to follow some brand new mode of artistic expression which forgets the lessons found in the practice of his direct æsthetic ancestors.

To be sure our author shows sufficient sympathy with present-day strivings for novelty, and for self expression as of value in itself; but the very breadth of his view prevents him from giving them his dogmatic support, and indeed from treating them too seriously. For all thorough students must realize that revolt from traditional modes of artistic expression must have existed in all ages and that the revolts of our day seem to some so significant as they do is merely because those of the past have for the most part failed to modify tradition radically, have therefore failed to leave a history, and hence are now forgotten.

The book is divided into six parts. Part I called Introductory deals briefly with the Fields and Methods of Æsthetics and the Origin of Art. Part II with the Æsthetic Response. Part III with the several Arts. Part IV with Æsthetic Types. Part V with Phases and Movements of Art, and Part VI with General Problems.

Our author's reading in his field, and his study of artistic practice, have been wide; and in the chapter on music, where he has felt his learning to be inadequate, he has intrusted the writing to Mr. Hall Krummeich.

The book is very readable and ought to be welcomed by the art teacher and student, as well as by the artistically inclined general public.

PAINTINGS BY JOHN TRUMBULL AT YALE UNIVERSITY, Etc. By JOHN HILL MORGAN. New Haven: Yale University Press. 1926. $4.

The Associates in Fine Arts at Yale have entrusted the editing of this thin and handsomely printed quarto to John Hill Morgan, who has accomplished his task with his customary accuracy and succinctness. We have whatever is necessary to the understanding of the Trumbulls of American historical interest which constitute the parent art collection at Yale. Generally speaking, the editor remains within the limits of an analytical catalogue. His incidental view that Trumbull had his moment as a quite first rate master of miniature portrait painting and of military *genre* and then went off seems just. The little battlepieces, Trumbull's best works, are fully illustrated and explained, and enough of the admirable oil miniatures are reproduced to make one wish for more. A few additional entries would have covered the Trumbulls at Yale which are not Americana. It seems a pity that this was not done. A second edition might readily make these desirable additions. The book reflects credit on its editor, publisher, and sponsors.

Belles Lettres

ARGUMENTS AND ADDRESSES OF JOSEPH HODGES CHOATE. Edited by *Frederick C. Hicks.* St. Paul: West.

NOTES FOR A NEW MYTHOLOGY. By *Haniel Long,* Chicago: Bookfellows.

ON WRITING AND WRITERS. By *Sir Walter Raleigh.* Longmans, Green. $2.25.

NINETEEN MODERN ESSAYS. Longmans, Green. $1.75.

LEAVES FROM A VICEROY'S NOTE-BOOK. By the *Marquess Curzon of Keddleston.* Macmillan.

THE ORGANIZATION OF THE BRITISH ARMY IN THE AMERICAN REVOLUTION. By *Edward E. Curtis.* Yale University Press. $2.50.

THE PATRIOT NOVELIST OF POLAND, HENRY SIENKIEWICZ. By *Monica M. Gardner.* Dalton. $5.

DREADS AND DROLLS. By *Arthur Machen.* Knopf.

EMILE VERHAEREN. By *P. Mansell Jones.* London: Humphrey Milford.

THE WEDGEWOOD MEDALLION OF SAMUEL JOHNSON. By *Chauncey Brewster Tinker,* Harvard University Press.

Biography

THE LIFE AND WORKS OF FRANCIS HOPKINSON. By *George E. Hastings.* University of Chicago Press.

THE DIARY OF ARTHUR CHRISTOPHER BENSON. Edited by *Percy Lubbock.* Longmans, Green. $7.50.

THE LIFE OF JOSEPH RUCKES LAMAR. By *Clarinda Pendleton Lamar.* Putnam. $3.

MEMOIRS OF SAMUEL PARSONS. Edited by *Mabel Parsons.* Putnam.

HER MAJESTY. By *E. Thornton Cook.* Dutton. $6.

NAPOLEON. By *Emil Ludwig.* Translated by Eden and Cedar Paul. Boni & Liveright. $5.

JAMES KIRKE PAULDING. By *Amos L. Herold.* Columbia University Press. $2.50.

MAX HAVELAAR. By *Multatuli.* Knopf. $3 net.

A BRITISH FUSILEER IN REVOLUTIONARY BOSTON. Edited by *Allen French.* Harvard University Press. $3.50.

CATTLE CHOSEN. By *E. O. G. Shann.* Oxford University Press. $2.50.

Economics

THE ESSENTIALS OF MARX. By *Karl Marx.* Vanguard. 50 cents.

LAISSEZ-FAIRE AND COMMUNISM. By *John Maynard Keynes.* New Republic.

AMERICAN LABOR AND AMERICAN DEMOCRACY. By *William English Walling.* Harpers. $3.

THE LABOR PROBLEM. By *Warren B. Catlin.* Harpers. $3.50.

Fiction

THE TRIUMPHANT RIDER. By FRANCES HARROD (Frances Forbes-Robertson). Boni & Liveright. 1926. $2.

In Homer's day the market price of a woman was three—or was it six—tripods; in modern London, according to "The Triumphant Rider" it has risen to as much as eight thousand pounds. Thus perhaps this book is a piece of subtle feminist propaganda; otherwise its purpose is not clear. Mrs. Harrod, its author, is a sister of Sir Johnston Forbes-Robertson and already has several novels to her credit, so that she cannot be supposed to be totally unacquainted either with the art of writing or with the social world of London. But one could not be sure of either fact from these pages of conversation where every remark is followed by an exclamation point, these appeals to coincidence, this succession of contrasting scenes in which the ultra-innocent heroine does battle with sophisticated society flappers.

Marcia Wells, this Galahad in petticoats, is the daughter of a prostitute but she has been brought up most chastely and even when, after a convent schooling, she returns to her mother, she succeeds in retaining all her innocence in the face of the professional nature of her mother's bestowing of favors. She is sold by this wicked mother to a wicked man, but, as you may have guessed, she escapes from him still unsullied. Then, for no particular reason, she is launched into fashionable London society and becomes a marvelous success. Her combination of naïveté and experience baffles and intrigues both men and women. And, to do Marcia justice, she succeeds, despite her improbability, in fascinating the reader as well; one can believe that men fell in love with her and that women even in their jealousy were drawn to her. For the rest, the book has a galaxy of characters who do little save talk, but that not uninterestingly. Susan Brode is another example of the restless and wilful girl of the post-war period without whom no English novel considers itself complete, and there is, too, an amusing portrait of an attractive but undesired lady who feeds the delectable Marcia to her husband for the pleasure of seeing him suffer at not attaining her. "The Triumphant Rider" is a marshmallow soufflé with a Maraschino (non-alcoholic) cherry on top.

FANTOMAS CAPTURED. By MARCEL ALLAIN. David McKay. 1926. $2.

If Mr. Allain's deductive problems were a trifle subtler and more complicated, the contests between Fantômas and Juive might take their place beside the classic exploits of Arsène Lupin and Sherlock Holmes. The atmosphere, the tension, the sensational adventures and escapes in this story are fine, but the connoisseur in detective stories will find few problems in the solution of which he is unable to anticipate the author.

It is disappointing to have thus to qualify our praise of this book. Much of it is first rate. Mr. Allain's device of having the struggle between detective and criminal on an equal footing, with first one and then the other in the ascendency, has much to recommend it. Even Juive's victory on the last page is not entirely conclusive. What is prison to a man who intimidates the Prime Minister in the inner recesses of his private office, and who, in broad daylight, loots the vaults of the Credit International of its 38,000,000 franc gold reserve? No indeed, Fantômas will be with us again. In the mean time detective story enthusiasts must be content with the few hours' absorption provided by his present exploits.

BLINDED KINGS. By J. KESSEL and H. ISWOLSKY. Doubleday, Page. 1926. $2.50.

Miss Iswolsky, daughter of the former Russian Minister of Foreign Affairs, and J. Kessel have written an historical novel of the Russian court before the Revolution, of that period when the weak Czar was ruled by his German wife and his wife was ruled by the mad monk Rasputin. Their purpose is "to reproduce the period and its chief actors . . . with scrupulous conscientiousness." "In 'Blinded Kings,' " they claim, "there is not a statement, an anecdote, nor a suggestion which is not upheld by evidence." As the story is told in narrative form with love interests, etc., used to give concrete expression to the authors' historical theories, it may easily be imagined that the result is something of a hodge-podge. The story would doubtless have been more interesting and more convincing had it been told in a straightforward manner, and not cramped in a fictional mould unsuited to it.

It is around Rasputin, of course, that the story centers, and the reader is edified by a number of melodramatic anecdotes that are supposed to reconcile the contradictory qualities in the mad monk's character. At the Villa Ronde, a fashionable center for debauchery, he is seen as a lustful and pampered roué; in the ante-room of his palatial residence he is a saint and an hypnotic healer; at the royal palace he appears as a trickster and sycophant possessed of unlimited power; and so on. The authors credit Rasputin's ascendency over the Queen and, indeed, over all Russia, to his possession of supernatural powers. They make the fatal mistake of backing up their assertion with concrete proof. This proof is not nearly as effective in cold print as it seems to be in their minds.

Falling between history and fiction, the story gradually becomes more and more anemic and monotonous. It might have been—but then, it isn't—quite.

OUR WISER SONS. By RALPH STRAUS. Holt. 1926. $2.

Mr. Straus pleasantly avoids taking his novels too seriously. This is the tale of a misunderstood young Oxford graduate, born to be a big business man who is almost forced by a harsh fate to become a novelist. In the hands of a serious writer the story would have been "devastating," unconsciously silly, and deadly dull. Mr. Straus has made it light, gay, and continuously amusing, and in between times, as it were, he has done a good deal of convincing characterization and some creditable descriptive writing.

The author is constantly laughing at his characters, at his plot, and at himself for bothering with them. He romps gaily into caricature when he becomes bored with sympathetic exposition—but he always returns with a quick deft touch to restore the necessary proportions when he has done them violence. The plot, especially toward the end of the book, is at times whimsical or even fantastic. The author as much as says, "Of course this really never happened, but it shows you what I mean about these people," and it does. Of course the head of Marrox, Ltd., aged sixty, and one of the financial pillars of the Empire, would never give up business over night and run off to a Chelsea studio there to dissipate his fortune. But all the same there is more than a dash of truth in Mr. Straus's fantastic imaginings.

All of which goes to prove that the author is an uncommonly good story teller and is certainly quite the proper person to expand Pope's ageless couplet:

We think our fathers fools, so wise we grow;
Our wiser sons no doubt will think us so.

Mr. Straus elaborates his theme wittily, and also delicately points the moral: better a first rate business man than a third rate author.

(*Continued on next page*)

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The New Books

Fiction

(*Continued from preceding page*)

THE EMERALD OF CATHERINE THE GREAT. By HILAIRE BELLOC. Illustrated by G. K. Chesterton. Harper & Bros. 1926. $2.

It is decidedly unfair of Mr. Belloc to exploit his name as he has done in this book. He lures us through 218 pages of whimsical writing with the promise of a detective story to come—and then, urbanely, he departs without so much as an apology. And we stuck with him until the end! It must be admitted that during the last few pages we began to suspect a hoax, but by that time he did seem to be on the verge of a really good story, and it would have been a shame after all that labor.

It was a shame! Mr. Belloc didn't try. Why on page 67 we had actually begun to get excited. The emerald had disappeared from the scientist's pocket. What had happened? Then he goes and lets the cat out of the bag by saying, "Dear—or if that is too familiar a term—charming reader, this is not one of the detective stories of commerce. You shall know all about it beforehand, as you have already known all about it step by step. You shall be subjected to no torture of suspense. We will leave that to the people of our story. They were born for it."

Know all about it indeed! Who wants to? Mr. Belloc deliberately spoils his own story. He may write other things very well, but there ought to be a law against his writing detective stories. He doesn't take them seriously—yet he doesn't actually make fun of them either.

TROPIC DEATH. By ERIC WALROND. Boni & Liveright. 1926.

Parched, grim, sun-crazed blacks cutting stone on the white burning hill-side—oxen carting tremulous loads of sugar cane—stinking tobacco burning in rotting corncob pipes—vendors of tropical fruits cluttering the wharf—an emaciated negro kicked in the head, in the mouth, in the ribs by a cook's mate—an *obeah* man, in a fury of rage, throwing a machette at a heretic's head—the fiendish gargle of a shark as it turns on its belly and closes its jaws on a swimmer—gradual death and disintegration—sudden, unforeseen, incomprehensible death—death from disease, from drought, from dissipation, from brutality, from thoughtlessness—such is the sinister atmosphere of Mr. Walrond's exotic stories. In pithy, unsentimental prose he draws pictures as sharply defined as the shadows cast by his blazing tropical sun.

There is nothing soft or slushy about these stories; they are even devoid of innuendos. Mr. Walrond never essays "fine" writing. At times he even has trouble making himself comprehensible, but the fault is never with his understanding or his feeling. It is merely that he feels things so strongly, so definitely that he has difficulty in finding words with which to express them. At such moments his writing is crude and tangled, but it never lacks vigor and vitality. "Irrefutably, by its ugly lift Bullet's mouth was in on the rising rebellion which thrust a flame of smoke into the young Negro's eyes." There is a latent power that creeps through the confusion of even such a sentence. We freely forgive the confusion when a page later we discover that the intensity that produced it also gives us the delicate vividness of "A hastening breath of wind, struck dead on the way by the gruelling presence of the sun."

These stories are of genuine importance not merely because of their intrinsic excellencies. Hitherto the writing of American negroes has almost invariably been tainted by racial self-consciousness and prejudice. There is no inkling of such a spirit in Mr. Walrond's work. Never does he feel called upon to prove that negroes are human beings. He takes them as much for granted as the native of any white country does his compatriots. He thinks of them not in relation to white but to negro standards and characteristics. Thus they emerge from his pages as human beings and not as so many social problems.

It might be easy to over estimate the significance of Mr. Walrond's attitude, but one cannot refrain from hoping that it marks the beginning of a new era in negro art. Propaganda may still be necessary, but perhaps it will no longer be considered the *sine qua non* of negro writing.

MARTIN HANNER: A COMEDY. By KATHLEEN FREEMAN. Harcourt, Brace. 1926. $2.50.

Miss Freeman has given us for her first novel one of the pleasantest glimpses of academic life that we have had in years. "Martin Hanner" is set in two provincial university towns in England, and early in the narrative Miss Freeman shows that she is thoroughly familiar with the life of the teacher, with its rewards as well as its difficulties. As a result her novel has nothing in common with the sensationalism of "The Plastic Age" or "Chimes;" rather, it portrays its subject in well rounded, sympathetic detail, and with a quiet understanding that can be thoroughly appreciated only by those who know well the serio-comic world that revolves about the college classroom. It is not often that the professor gets a fair deal in literature. Miss Freeman's thoughtful justice does much to restore the balance.

The central character is Martin Hanner, Professor of Greek in Farbridge University, a bachelor and an egoist. Before the novel is much more than under way, the shocks that are to demolish his accumulated calm start their work. One of these begins with the cautious whisper of a possible appointment to the staff of the neighboring university of Darrenport, a change that would be to his advantage; the greater jolt to his methodical soul, however, is his falling in love. From this comparatively simple situation Miss Freeman has built up a novel of genuine interest and of considerable technical excellence. Her judgment never leads her into difficulties; she always has firm command over both matter and manner. Anyone who is accustomed to intelligence and the pleasant things of life will find himself perfectly at home with Miss Freeman's novel, for she writes with charm and infallible good taste. "Martin Hanner" is not exciting, nor is it modern in its attitudes; but it has virtues rare in our day. Discriminating readers will give it the cordial welcome it deserves.

AND THEN CAME SPRING. By JOHN HARGRAVE. Century. 1926. $2.

We wonder whether Mr. Hargrave's novel ran away with him. "And Then Came Spring" for the half of its course is a jolly, farcical tale of a tired business man who, harassed by the relentless domesticity of his country home, somewhat unpremeditatedly takes upon himself a mistress in London. So far the novel is pleasant enough to stimulate an occasional chuckle. But when the realities of infidelity and a double life come upon Mr. Birtwistle (does not the very name connote farce?) the humor quickly fades away from the novel; the rest is far from gay. Mr. Hargrave writes with equal effectiveness in both moods, but his competence will be small consolation for the reader who finds himself at a loss to follow the changing temper of the narrative. "And Then Came Spring," however, is a novel noticeably more entertaining than the average run of fiction. Mr. Birtwistle and his "li'le Leeta" are well worth knowing; they are diverting even in their unhappiness. But may we ask Mr. Hargrave why he thinks it necessary to adopt a clipped, staccato, chaotic style that only results in annoying affectedness? He seems too intelligent to have fallen into such an obvious trap.

GALLANT LADY. By MARGARET WIDDEMER. Harcourt, Brace. 1926. $2.

Probably "Gallant Lady" should be regarded as a study of modern marriage. Miss Widdemer, however, does not seem to cast light into dark corners, nor does she go deep into the hearts of her characters. Her novel has merely the negative value of telling a story without an unbearable amount of literary left-handedness. The narrative is nowhere original, nowhere powerful; all in all it is merely one of a hundred tolerable novels published in the course of a season. It deals with that much maligned abstraction, "the younger married set," and tries to show how a pleasure-seeking woman may, under stress of sudden misfortune, unexpectedly find herself noble, courageous, and wise—in other words, gallant. Our chief objection to "Gallant Lady" is that the characters do not interest us; they are superficial and incomplete. The evidence at hand indicates that Miss Widdemer has taken to novel writing without sufficient prayer and meditation.

THE ENTERTAINING ANGEL. By SAMUEL MERWIN. Illustrated by Lansing C. Holden, Jr. Sears. 1926. $1.50.

The leading character in Mr. Merwin's novel, "The Entertaining Angel," is an extraordinary young man. In fact, his strangeness is so marked that we find it impossible to believe in his existence; he combines the best features of Shelley, Merton Gill, and Buster Keaton. Becoming through sheer stupidity the financial supporter of the "Wayside Theatre," a sad troupe wandering up and down the roads of California, this Julian Reed falls in love with the ingenue of the company and writes a play for her; he envelops himself in mystery and in general acts like a transplanted village idiot. However, there is some reason for his eccentricity, for at the end of the book he is discovered to be a nationally famous character, rambling through the great West for his soul's health. It is unfortunate that the most important figure in "The Entertaining Angel" is not credible. The chief virtue of the novel is to be found in the graphic descriptions of the traveling theatre, its devices to keep itself alive, its hardships on the road. Some of the characters are vivid, even though, as with Murry, the director, they are likely to fall within the limits of well worn literary types. Scattered throughout the book are shabby drawings intended to aid the reader in absorbing the atmosphere of California.

THE BLIND SHIP. By JEAN BARREYRE. Dial. 1926. $2.50.

Mr. Barreyre has conceived a plot as gruesome and as filled with cumulative horror as any that ever sprang from Poe's fevered imagination. The crew of a sailing ship contract yellow-jack from handling the body of a dead Lascar stowaway. One by one they go blind. They learn to manage the ship by sense of touch, but they have no way of telling where they are going. Other ships are afraid to rescue them for fear of contracting the disease. Their supplies run low.

This plot the author exploits to the full. He lingers over descriptions of the attitude of the crew—they are angry, sullen, terrified, abject, philosophic, and hysterical by degrees. Individuals face the calamity in a variety of ways. The ship encounters hurricane and calm, heat and cold.

And yet, incredible as it may seem, the total effect of the novel is one of flatness and monotony! There is no drama, no suspense; there is even very little cumulative sense of tragedy. The one really gripping moment in the whole book comes when the captain and the mate finally admit that they too are losing their sight:

> Then, still in silence, their fingers reached out, and they began feeling the surface of the table and backs of their chairs. It was as if they were already conning the first melancholy lessons of the blind.

The writing is simple, direct, natural, but it lacks all flavor. In trying to avoid the tricky clap-trap and sensationalism that is so common today, the author seems to have left untouched the soul, as it were, of his story. He is not merely detached; the characters seem to mean very little to him. Consequently what happens to them, what they think and feel and do, is of no vital importance to the reader. The present reviewer hopes that his taste has not been entirely debauched by the influence of our tabloid age, but he feels bound to report that, for him, this is a good plot gone wrong.

DUBLINERS. By *James Joyce*. Modern Library. 95 cents net.

THE MINISTER'S DAUGHTER. By *Hildur Dexelius-Brettner*. Dutton.

SHOOT. By *Luigi Pirandello*. Dutton. $2.50.

LITTLE PITCHERS. By *Isa Glenn*. Knopf. $2.50.

GO SHE MUST! By *David Garnett*. Knopf. $2.50 net.

ODALISQUE. By *L. M. Hussey*. Knopf. $2.50 net.

THE RUIN. By *Edward Sackville West*. Knopf. $2.50 net.

THE BEST SHORT STORIES OF 1926 AND THE YEARBOOK OF THE AMERICAN SHORT STORY. Edited by *Edward J. O'Brien*. Dodd, Mead. $2.50.

THE CITY WITHOUT JEWS. By *Hugo Bettauer*. Bloch. $2.

THE BOOK OF THE BEAR. Translated by *Jane Harrison* and *Hope Mirrlees*. Illustrated by Ray Garnett. London: Nonesuch Press.

THE SOCIAL CANCER. By *Jose Rizal*. Translated by Charles E. Derbyshire. Illustrated by Juan Luna. Manila: Philippine Education Company.

THIS DAY'S MADNESS. By the author of "Miss Tiverton Goes Out." Bobbs-Merrill. $2.50.

THE SILVER ARROW. By *Earl H. Reed*. Reilly & Lee. $3.

ZADIG AND OTHER ROMANCES. By *Voltaire*. Translated by H. I. Woolf and Wilfred S. Jackson. Dodd, Mead. $6.

Foreign

HALB UND HALB. By MECHTILDE LICHNOWSKY. Vienna: Verlag Jahoda & Siegel. 1926.

Strangely reminiscent of Christian Morgenstern's whimsical "Gingganz" and "Galgenlieder" is the collection of verses by Princess Lichnowsky, "Halb und Halb." These verses, confined to the realm of unnatural natural history, are infused with a highly sophisticated humor and are dexterously rounded off. They are intended, according to the preface, to be told when making decisions by chance, as one might tell buttons. Though they may never supply the grown-up with the proper counterpart to the "eena-meena-mina-mo" which decreed momentous events in his childhood, they will certainly afford him unequalified delight.

Government

CONGRESS. An Explanation. By ROBERT LUCE. Harvard University Press. 1926. $1.50.

Written in good temper and based on an immense amount of first-hand knowledge, Congressman Luce's little volume is an able defence as well as explanation of the working of Congress. Many of the criticisms which pass current are unsound—how unsound those who repeat them in parrot fashion would soon find out to their discomfiture if they encountered the learned and logical Representative from Massachusetts. For instance, there is the common complaint that too many laws are enacted. Anybody making the complaint and asked to specify what laws ought not to have been approved would probably be greatly embarrassed. Mr. Luce points out that half the new laws are private or special acts and a huge mass of others make small but unnecessary changes in administrative details. He also scores when he remarks that at the end of a session most newspaper fault-finding is directed at omissions rather than commissions.

There is nothing aggressive in Congressman Luce's attitude. He is as reasonable as he asks critics of Congress to be. In his opinion, what ought to be attacked is archaic processes, such as the reading of bills *in extenso* by a clerk. It is interesting to see that he is opposed to limitation of debate in the Senate. He frankly says that thorough discussion of public questions is no longer practicable in the House and hence there should be opportunity for it at the other end of the Capitol. He also gives a hint to the voter when he suggests that perhaps the way to prevent abuse of free discussion in the Senate by the demagogue and the bore is to persuade the States not to send such persons to Washington.

THE CHICAGO PRIMARY OF 1926. A Study in Election Methods. By CARROLL HILL WOODDY. University of Chicago Press. 1926.

The tangled web we weave when first we practice to deceive is simpliicty itself by comparison with the shifting intricacies of Chicago and Cook County political alliances. Foes of a year or two ago are seen fighting side by side against former companions in arms. If the voter, baffled by the problem of electing desirable candidates without also putting into office utterly discredited nominees, allows himself to be swayed by some outstanding "issue" of actual or only factitious importance, he can hardly be blamed. Nobody except a trained and diligent student can hope to trace the course of so devious a campaign as results from a situation like this.

Dr. Wooddy has performed the task. He has made what is probably a unique study of a primary struggle and has embodied the results of his investigation in a moderate-sized volume which is a triumph of analysis and comprehensiveness. The men, the methods, the "issues," and the outcome of the Chicago primary of last spring are set forth with a detail and a fairness which prove the author's fitness for the difficult undertaking. He prefaces his account with a *dramatis personae*—and it is needed. In fact, it would be still more useful if its brief characterizations of the men listed were expanded to cover their previous affiliations with one another. A surprising feature of the contest is that, despite the acuteness of the factional struggle in the Republican party, only about half of the qualified voters participated in the primary. Even they voted so unintelligently that in general the primary was virtually meaningless as an expression of public opinion. On the Senatorship, which was the only stake the country saw in the primary, Dr. Wooddy admits that in electing Smith over McKinley "the people knew what they were about." They had been turned against the World Court by a campaign waged "upon a low level of prejudice, mass emotion, and ignorance."

Concerning the primary system Dr. Wooddy pertinently recalls the evils of the convention system which it is now the fashion to praise as a superior method of selecting candidates. The Illinois primary law "is full of technical loopholes" and, of course, no machinery will take the place of intelligence and public spirit.

PRACTICE OF MUNICIPAL ADMINISTRATION. By *Lent D. Upson*. Century. $4.

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History

THE WRITING OF HISTORY. By SIR JOHN FORTESCUE. Longmans, Green. 1926. $1.

The year has been particularly fecund in books about history and historiography, at least half a dozen having come to hand since September. Historians, philosophers, and history teachers have become agitated about the subject and often quite excitedly discover what is wrong and what is to be done. This little book, so modest in proportion when compared to its author's fat tomes of history of the British army, is perhaps as good as any of its bigger brothers. For one thing, the author begins where most others leave off by declaring that, as all knowledge is history, omniscience is demanded of the ideal historian. He points his moral by a whimsical and provocative first chapter on what knowledge is properly to be demanded of the historian of a parish, an imposing catalogue beginning with geology and ending with human nature. The parish is not an isolated entity, but part of a country in the world. Life is too short, therefore, to write its history with thorough understanding. There is no need to follow the author through his chapters here. His book is small and inexpensive and charmingly written. It is an excellent lesson on humility and humanity for any historian, and in the ordinary reader it will evoke amazement that, things historical being as Sir John describes them, written history is as good as it is.

THE ARMIES OF THE FIRST FRENCH REPUBLIC. By *Col. Ramsay Weston Phipps.* Oxford University Press. $6.

Miscellaneous

THE HOUSE OF STOKES. Stokes.

THE NORMAL CHILD IN MIND AND MORALS. By *B. Sachs.* Hoeber. $1.50 net.

WHAT IS WHAT IN GROCERIES. By *Alexander Todoroff.* Chicago Grocery Trade Publishing Co. 5650 West Lake Street. $2.

AMERICAN MARRIAGE RECORDS BEFORE 1699. Edited and compiled by *William Montgomery Clemens.* Pompton Lakes, N. J.: Biblio Co.

CHINA, LAND OF FAMINE. By *Walter H. Mallory.* American Geographical Society.

TROPICAL CYCLONES. By *Isaac M. Cline.* Macmillan. $5.

THE BOOK OF NAVY SONGS. Collected and Edited by the Trident Society. Arranged and Harmonized by *Joseph W. Crosby.* Doubleday, Page. $3.50 net.

BY CHEYENNE CAMPFIRES. By *George Bird Grinnell.* Yale University Press. $4.

LETTERS TO MY DAUGHTER. Chicago: Atwood & Knight.

EARLY AMERICAN INNS AND TAVERNS. By *Elsie Lathrop.* McBride. $5 net.

LOCKS AND LOCKMAKING. By *F. J. Butter.* Pitman. $1.

THE BOOKBINDING CRAFT AND INDUSTRY. By *T. Harrison.* Pitman. $1.

SHIPBUILDING. By *J. Mitchell.* Pitman. $1.

SHIP MODEL MAKING. By *Capt. E. Armitage McCann.* Norman W. Henley, 2 West 45th Street, N. Y.

PRUNES OR PANCAKES. By *Alfred Owre.* Minneapolis: University of Minneapolis Press.

A CLUE TO GREATER PHYSICAL AND MENTAL PERFECTION. By *J. W. Buzzell.* Oakland, Calif.

Philosophy

FROM MYTH TO REASON. By *Woodbridge Riley.* Appleton. $2.50.

THE EVOLUTION OF VALUES. By *C. Bouglé.* Translated by Helen Stalker Sellars. Holt. $2

HISTORY OF MEDIÆVAL PHILOSOPHY. By *Maurice de Wolf.* Vol. II. Longmans, Green. $4.50.

THE PHILOSOPHY OF THE ABBE BAUTAIN. By *Walter Marshall Horton.* New York University Press.

EPICURUS. By *Cyril Bailey.* Oxford University Press. $7.

A POPULARIZED PHILOSOPHY. By *Ellery Channing Crocker.* Sioux City, Ia.: Crocker, 4601 Central Street.

Poetry

TOUCH AND GO. By RALPH CHEYNEY. With Illustrations by Herbert E. Fouts. New York: Henry Harrison.

DAWN STARS. By LUCIA TRENT. Henry Harrison. The Same.

THE GREENWICH VILLAGE BLUES. By CLEMENT WOOD. The Same.

Mr. Henry Harrison makes his debut as publisher with three volumes of verse: good, bad, and indifferent. "Touch and Go" is so good that it should be better. Ralph Cheyney has written just one wholly satisfying poem in his disturbing little volume. This is "Dark Encounter," a brilliantly fused set of suave chords and harsh overtones; it is his happiest as well as his highest moment. For the most part, however, Mr. Cheyney mistakes the sketch of a poem for the poem itself. For example:

FROM THE 5:15
The little hills
Huddle close to the ground
Like rabbits ready
At a moment's warning
To hop up
And scamper away.

and again:

This clump of woods
Is a dark animal
Standing very still
On many legs
Watching our camp-fire.

Elsewhere he writes (we have rearranged his lines in the prose from which they sprang), "The moon is a frayed handkerchief pickpocketed by the breeze, and caught in the topmost coping of a skyscraper." "With their slender necks and great curly heads, the children make the barber-shop a flower-garden." These excerpts are poetic; they are not poetry. A group of such concepts (or conceits, for they are little more) might well appear in a group entitled "Seed Corn for Poems." Had Mr. Cheyney been more self-critical, more aware of his own disrespect for his material, he would not have called his volume "Touch and Go" but "Hit or Miss." The illustrations by Herbert E. Fouts are sophisticated and clever though they are belated reminders of the Munich Secession.

Miss Lucia Trent's "Dawn Stars" is an undistinguished parade of not-so-modern platitudes. A little like Sara Teasdale, a little like—well, every one of the five hundred young women writing poetry since Edna St. Vincent Millay came to her dark tower in Greenwich Village. A few pages rise slightly above the level of competent lyric verse, but no more than a few. Her opening poem is typical:

VOWS
Utter no softly whispered vow.
There is no need
For any now.
Sit silently warm hand in hand
With beating hearts
That understand.
But vows they're not so sweet, I fear,
Recalled in some
Dark after-year.

The definitely bad volume of the trio is Clement Wood's "The Greenwich Village Blues." A hash of couplets, imitations of Vachel Lindsay, a few Greenwich Village

(*Continued on next page*)

The Reader's Guide

Conducted by MAY LAMBERTON BECKER

Inquiries in regard to the selection of books and questions of like nature should be addressed to MRS. BECKER, c/o *The Saturday Review.*

A BALANCED RATION

GO SHE MUST! By *David Garnett* (Knopf).

LEAVES FROM A VICEROY'S NOTEBOOK. By the *Marquess of Curzon* (Macmillan).

NEW GRUB STREET. By *George R. Gissing* (Modern Library).

M. N., New York, wishes "for serious purposes" to refer to the historical and literary sources of Hamlet. Are there special accounts of his voyage and ambassadorship to England?

THE student will find in the second volume of "Hamlet" in the Variorum Shakespeare (H. H. Furness) published by Lippincott, not only all the information as to sources, historical and literary, that he will be likely to need, but the text of the "Hystorie of Hamblet Prince of Dannmarke," which will especially interest him. It has also "Der Bestafte Brudermord oder Prinz Hamlet aus Daennemark." "The Literary History of Hamlet," by Kemp Malone, was published in Heidelberg, in English in 1922. I like to poke about in Hamletiana, I always come upon such extraordinary items; what do you think of a five-act play, "Hamlet in Heaven," purporting to have been written by Shakespeare by automatic writing through the hand of Lincoln Phyfer, and published by the author at Girard, Kansas?

L. A. B., Columbus, Ind., asks for a book on the diamond.

"THE Magic and Science of Jewels and Stones," by Isadore Kozminsky (Putnam), is full of legends and superstitions, histories of famous stones, and general information; the pictures, many of them in colors, are of exceptional beauty. The diamond is but one of the jewels treated, but there is a great deal about it. In the *Mentor* for December, 1925, was an article by G. F. Kunz on "Six Famous Diamonds." Two fascinating, even thrilling books recently published, tell of diamond-hunting in Guiana: one is "Up the Mazaruni for Diamonds," by William J. La Varre (Marshall Jones); the other is Gwen Richardson's "On the Diamond Trail in British Guiana" (Brentano).

R. M., Union City, N. J., asks for a history of puzzles; her interest is not limited to any particular kind, but embraces anything from anagrams and acrostics to tanagrams and mathematical problems.

AS for a history of puzzling, I know of none: the very word seems wrapt in etymological fog. But it has a glorious literature; one must learn Chinese to get the classics. For some of the additions within a year or so, the most weighty in authority is "Real Puzzles: a Handbook of the Enigmatic Art" (Norman Remington, 1925), sponsored by the National Puzzlers' League of America, which was founded in 1883. "Everybody's Puzzle Book," edited by M. V. Worstell (Century, 1925), has 300 puzzles of twenty varieties, for beginners and experts. "Can You Solve It?" by Arthur Hirschberg (Crowell, 1926), is another mixed group, good for family use. Albertson's "Mental Agility Book," (A. & C. Boni, 1925), is made up of miscellaneous twisters. The latest large collection is Henry Ernest Dudeney's "Modern Puzzles and How to Solve Them" (Stokes), which includes mathematical posers, weighing and packing problems, magic stars, and difficulties of all sorts. "Houdini's Paper Magic" (Dutton), is an extraordinary little sideline, most interesting. The crossword centre of civilization is, of course, the firm of Simon and Schuster: from this have been thrown off no less than eleven volumes of the "Cross Word Puzzle Book" series, for which the demand keeps up: I can testify that the latest of these books, not long from the press, gave me a good time. Among the curiosities of this branch one may set down the "Latin Cross Word Puzzle Book" of J. K. Colby (Allyn & Bacon), and the "Bible Cross Word Puzzle Book," by the Rev. Paul J. Hoh (Doran). "The Psychology of Efficiency," by Henry A. Ruger, which was published by the Science Press, N. Y., in 1910, is an experimental study of the "processes involved in the solution of mechanical puzzles and in the acquisition of skill in their manipulation." Ever since I learned of it some years ago, I have meant to read it and find out just what hole I have in my head, that I am baffled by what seems open to any simple child that lightly draws its breath. And then again I think perhaps I had better not try to find out.

H. C. K., Mt. Airy, Pa., asks for recent books covering our country, especially National Parks. These should be well illustrated and pay especial attention to outdoor America.

"NORTH AMERICA," by J. Russell Smith (Harcourt, Brace), an economic geography, describes its people and the resources, development, and prospects of the continent as an agricultural, industrial, and commercial area. It is a large but not too bulky book with a great many pictures in and really illustrating the text. I find myself constantly consulting it and recommending it to readers for widely different reasons. It even makes entertaining reading if taken straight through just as it comes. The regular edition costs six dollars and there is a textbook edition at $4.75.

"Beautiful America," by Vernon Quinn (Stokes, $4), is one of a series of well-illustrated books including volumes on Mexico and on Canada. This one is devoted more to outdoors and to scenic loveliness, with enough history and legend to give an edge to the pictures, and its style is pleasant. "Pictorial America: Its Parks and Playgrounds," by John Francis Kane (Resorts and Playgrounds), is a collection of articles on our national parks and the beauty-spots of the continent, written by well-known authors and illustrated by fine plates and maps; it includes Canada, Mexico, Alaska, Hawaii, and the Caribbees, and costs $15. Both these books pay especial attention to illustrations, but the text is in each case suitable for the pictures.

"Your National Parks," by Enoch A. Mills (Houghton Mifflin, $3), is a guide for actual use, a treasury of legend and a record of wild life; it is read a great deal by young people. There is a new edition of the popular and instructive "Book of the National Parks," by Robert Sterling Yard (Scribner), which has been for years in use by tourists.

B. B. B., Hueneme, Cal., asks who wrote and who published "Trail Dust of a Maverick," and just what is it?

"TRAIL Dust of a Maverick," by E. A. Brininstool, is a volume of Western verse, cowboy style; it was published some years ago by Dodd, Mead, and was in print in 1917, but a book-finder should be able to get it readily. It may interest the clientèle to know that this was the first book asked for in a letter to the Reader's Guide, in the first week of its existence. *Helen M. Winslow, Boston,* asks if I have never heard of her Cat-book, which was rejected by several publishers previous to 1900 on the ground that the "public is not interested in cats, and nobody will buy a book of them." She says: "Lothrop took it and issued it in 1900: it was an immediate success, and within two years every publisher who hadn't dared bring it out had published a cat-book." This is "Concerning Cats," Miss Winslow's pioneer volume, which still brings in royalties and has done so for twenty-five years. "As a good Vermonter," says she, "why not mention it when you are mentioning every other cat book?" Why? Because I didn't know about it; but now I do; it is charming from the first word to the last picture, and may be bought from Lothrop, Lee and Shepard. *A. E., New York City, tells F. T., who asked for a Russian novel for the decade before the Great War through the period of revolution and transition,* that the finest thing of its kind is General P. N. Krassnoff's "From Double Eagle to Red Flag," published in the English edition by Duffield. It deals with Russia under Czar, war, and revolution. "It is a book of terrifying fascination and vitality: he has judged and understood them all, as well, perhaps, as is humanly possible: the Czar and Czarina, the officers of the aristocracy, Rasputin, the revolutionists, hot-heads and cold-bloods, are appalling in their power and in their weakness."

A. L. H., Fort Lyon, Col., asks in what

(*Continued on next page*)

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Points of View

Mr. Barnes Replies

To the Editor of *The Saturday Review*:
SIR:

I note in your issue of December 11th an appreciation of my historical acumen by Mr. Edward Raymond Turner. I do not care to go into a detailed discussion of war guilt with Mr. Turner in your columns. We exchanged our views on that subject in the *New Republic* for April 9, 1924, and I know of no reason why either of us should think better of the other than we did then. I would merely suggest: (1) that those who are interested in the relative cerebral power of Mr. Turner and myself examine and compare our respective academic careers up to the award of the doctorate; (2) that those who are interested in our comparative capabilities as historians look into our writings from the standpoint of quantity, quality, and erudition; (3) that those who are concerned with our respective competence as students of the war guilt problem compare my "Genesis of the World War" with what Mr. Turner has written on this subject in his works on modern European history, as well as consult any representative group of specialists in this field in America or Europe. Further, in order that readers of *The Saturday Review* may know what type of person Mr. Turner regards as "a high authority and most capable judge" in matters of war responsibility, it may be pertinent to point out that Mr. Headlam-Morley is the man who held the position in England during the war comparable to that filled in this country by Mr. George Creel, whose services in furnishing realistic and reliable information on war issues to the American people are not yet forgotten. As perhaps qualifying somewhat the remarks of Mr. Headlam-Morley cited by Mr. Turner, we might quote the statement of Professor G. P. Gooch in the *Contemporary Review* for October, 1926, to the effect that: "No other American scholar has done so much as Professor Barnes to familiarize his countrymen with the new evidence which has been rapidly accumulating during the last few years, or to compel them to revise their war time judgments in the light of this new material."

HARRY E. BARNES.
Northampton, Mass.

Objection Taken

To the Editor of *The Saturday Review*:
SIR:

I wish to reply to certain statements in Mr. F. W. Williams's review of my "Mohammed" in *The Saturday Review* of Dec. 25, 1926. Inasmuch as he appears not to like my "sprightly style," I shall be as brief and dull as possible.

Had the reviewer read with greater care, he would have noticed that the characterization of Mohammed: "The low-born fakir-Prophet might be a person of despicable origin who mouthed a prodigious amount of insane drivel, but he had certainly succeeded in kicking up a highly exasperating rumpus," is not my conception of him at all; it merely voices the opinion that his enemies, the Koreish, entertained. If my "protagonist remains a freak with twentieth-century mentality," why did I write: "How clearly defined these [Mohammed's reasons for waging war against the Koreish] or other considerations may have been in the mind of the outstanding Oriental of the seventh century, it would be presumptuous for a twentieth century Occidental to say?" I have failed, says the reviewer, "to disclose proper appreciation of the background, of Arab character, of nomadism, and its secular indifference to system and refinement. . . ." Perhaps; in any case, I deliberately devoted the first chapter to those very topics. He also remarks: ". . . the natural explanation of his change from religious emotion to militancy is found in the extraordinary success of his new policy with the Arabs," which is precisely the point of view of chapters six and seven. Of a long passage, which, if I understand it correctly, implies that I made no use of the Koran as a means of clarifying Mohammed's character, I can only say that I quoted some twenty or thirty passages from the Koran for that specific purpose.

The reviewer also makes several contributions of his own. Mohammed, he says, was "unaware of subconscious recollections of things told him of Jewish and Christian scriptures." Upon what authority does he base his statement that the Prophet was "unaware," or that those recollections were necessarily "subconscious"? How, furthermore, is he certain that Mohammed's fervent temperament "cannot reasonably be explained as one of conscious guile and imposition"? Such an interpretation has been convincingly offered by D. S. Margoliouth, Professor of Arabic at Oxford, who is certainly well qualified to express an opinion. But in any event, the reviewer's implication that this is my point of view is definitely confuted on pages 65-69.

In short, the reviewer, by quoting certain passages that happened to be apposite to his purpose, has given a warped impression of the book. The fact that I offer "no preface"—nor, for that matter, bibliography, footnotes, index, or appendices—does not necessarily prove that the book itself is not the product of painstaking research. I omitted such impedimenta for two reasons: (1), the specialist will know whether the material is authentic, and (2), the general reading public does not care an isolated damn for such things. And, in all fairness, a review that stresses the desirability of scholarly approach to a subject ought itself to show better evidence of such an approach.

R. F. DIBBLE.
Columbia University.

Mencken

To the Editor of *The Saturday Review*:
SIR:

I have just read with interest Mr. Walter Lippmann's article on H. L. Mencken in your December 11th issue.

Mr. Lippmann seems in doubt all through the article whether to make it a eulogy or a condemnation. He suggests the shoplifter who surrounded by valuables, grabs a few, then recalling the penalty of a former dereliction, lays them all back again. The shell fragments under Mr. Lippmann's skin may not be festering, but they are obviously still impinging upon the nerve fibers leading to his center of caution. Here is blowing hot and cold with the same breath else what are we to make of the book which, according to our critic, is a "gargantuan attack," but which stripped of its rhetoric, contains only "trite and confused ideas," and remains yet a "tremendous polemic?" And what are we to think of a man who "writes terribly unjust tirades," yet who sits up o' nights "to untangle an injustice"—committed by somebody else? But let us to details.

According to this half-hearted panegyric, Mencken is often guilty of gross misstatement of fact due to being too lazy to verify his assertions, attacks savagely many defenseless, inoffensive, and well-meaning people, hates nearly everybody but himself and a chosen few, and doubly damns to perdition pedagogues, democracy, and all democrats. Yet Mr. Lippmann dubs him—in the future tense—the American Shaw, the "pope of popes," "the grand old man of the people." To borrow Mencken's favorite expletive and with due respect to the "coddler" and the coddled, bosh! Mencken himself cannot fail to depreciate such barefaced sycophancy.

If Mr. Lippmann can point out clearly, as he obviously can, one of Mencken's faults, how in the name of justice can he fail to see the rest of them? He laughs at Mencken's ingenuous belief that aristocracy and oligarchy can be bosom companions of liberty and a free press, but is himself equally ingenuous in supposing that greatness and popularity in a writer can condone any folly he may commit.

"Lice and cockroaches" are usually offensive terms to Mr. Lippmann when applied to man, but these loathsome insects metamorphose before him into golden-winged butterflies when touched by the magician, Mencken. To make false statements is reprehensible in the common man; in Mencken it is an excusable dereliction due to over much writing and a sporadic laziness.

Fearful lest we fail to appreciate, Mr. Lippmann warns us not to consider Mencken's individual sentences, but rather we must grasp the "barrage-effect" of the whole disquisition. This is all well enough, but being a biologist, I cannot forbear thinking that pragmatically we may justify the skunk upon the same basis. We may admire his "barrage-effect" yet fancy neither the villainous method nor the flavor of the effluvia.

I have a large timber rattlesnake in my office, and in the last six months hundreds of people have come to view her and they shiver as they gaze. They are fascinated by her sinuous coils, her savage, lidless eyes, her deadly potentialities, but I cannot say that they love her. Mencken has written some splendid things along with a great deal of colossal foolishness, and he continues to write both varieties today. I have read nearly every thing he has written but I do not love him. And, Mr. Lippmann to the contrary, I do not believe he is loved by people generally. Admired, respected, feared perhaps, but not loved.

Truth is truth and bunk is bunk and Mencken has written a great deal of both. But the amazing thing is that he can continue to write bunk unreproved. Are there no critics with an equally savage vocabulary and a disposition to use it? Or do they all like Mr. Lippmann have some shell fragments rankling under the skin? I am only an onlooker but I wish some critic would wake up and give Mencken praise when he speaks the truth, and hell when he does not.

ROY L. ABBOTT.
Iowa Teachers College.

The New Books

Poetry

(*Continued from preceding page*)

"thrills" (as seen by the literary slummer), and six or seven wheezes which have done veteran duty in burlesques and speakeasies. The whole is dull and tiresome stuff; even the author seems tired of it after the first forty pages. If Mr. Wood wishes to destroy himself effectually let him write another volume as "gagged" and cheap as this.

WIND TOSSED LEAVES. By *Victor Zorin*. Vinal. $1.50.

FAUST IN SPRING. By *Angela Marco*. Vinal. $1.50.

A TALLOW DIP. By *Richard R. Kirk*. Chicago: Bookfellows.

COLLECTED POEMS OF JOHN G. NEIHART. Macmillan. $4.

ANIMALIA. By *Leon Underwood*. New York. Payson & Clarke. $2.50 net.

A LITTLE BOOK OF AMERICAN HUMOROUS VERSE. Compiled by *T. A. Daly*. McKay.

PORTS OF CALL. By *Lena Whittaker Blakeney*. Vinal. $1.50.

DUST AND SPRAY. By *Harold Leland Chaffey*. Vinal. $1.50.

THE COUNTRY OF MY DREAMING. By *Margery Dunbar Westcott*. Knickerbocker Press.

HIGH PASSAGE. By *Thomas Hornsby Ferril*. Yale University Press. $1.25.

ROBINSON JEFFERS. By *George Sterling*. Boni & Liveright. $1.

ARABIC LITERATURE. By *H. A. R. Gibb*. Oxford University Press. $1.

ENOUGH ROPE. By *Dorothy Parker*. Boni & Liveright. $2.

SONGS FROM THE HEART OF A BOY. By *Jesse L. Lasky, Jr.* Boni & Liveright. $2.

VIAREGGIO. By *Max de Schauensie*. Dorrance.

THIRTY YEARS OF VERSE MAKING. By *Joseph Dana Miller*. Jamaica, L. I.: Polydore Barnes Co.

OMAR KHAYYAM THE POET. By *T. H. Weir*. Dutton. $1.50.

BEOWULF. Translated by *D. H. Crawford*. Oxford University Press. $1.85.

VERSES NEW AND OLD. By *John Galsworthy*. Scribners. $1.50.

ANTIPHONAL, SONNETS AND OTHER LYRICS. By *J. Crossan Cooper*. Princeton University Press. $1.50 net.

POEMS OF A SOUTH AFRICAN. By *A. Vine Hall*. Longmans.

QUESTION. By *H. Phelps Clawson*. London: Elkin Mathews.

THE YEAR BOOK OF THE POETRY SOCIETY OF SOUTH CARLINA. 1926. Charleston, S. C.

PRIMITIVES. By *Max Weber*. New York: Spiral Press.

ON ARMISTICE DAY. By *Ernest E. Davies*. Four Seas.

THE CANDLE IN THE CABIN. By *Vachel Lindsay*. Appleton. $2.

FLIGHTS. By *Tom Powers*. Macy-Masius.

THE BUBBLE BLOWERS HOUSE. By *Anna Hempstead Branch*. Adelphi.

FROM THE LAND OF THE SKY-BLUE WATER. By *Neele Richmond Eberhart*. Vinal. $1.50.

SELECTED POEMS ON WOODROW WILSON. Edited by *C. B. McAllister*. Dean & Co., 112 Fourth Avenue, N. Y.

IGNIS ARDEN. By *Merle St. Croix Wright*. Vinal.

THE GREENWICH VILLAGE BLUES. By *Clement Wood*. Henry Harrison, 144 Macdougal Street, New York.

TOUCH AND GO. By *Ralph Cheyney*. Henry Harrison, 144 Macdougal Street, N. Y.

DAWN STARS. By *Lucia Trent*. Henry Harrison, 144 Macdougal Street, N. Y.

BAUDELAIRE. Translated by *Arthur Symons*. A. & C. Boni.

THE DRUMMER OF FYVIE. By *Faith Van Valkenburgh Vilas*. New York: Reader Editors.

POEMS. By *Faith Wadsworth Collins*. Vinal. $1.50.

Religion

A SHORT INTRODUCTION TO THE GOSPELS. By ERNEST DE WITT BURTON. Revised by Harold R. Willoughby. University of Chicago Press. 1926.

The late President Burton compiled in 1904 an excellent handbook dealing especially with the internal evidence respecting purpose, plan, and origin of the gospels. His pupil in revising it has added useful bibliographical notes referring to more recent discussion, but has made almost no other changes. He has however added on the basis of Dr. Burton's own notes a sketch of his later views about the composition of the Gospel of John from certain written sources with editorial additions. Whatever the value of this theory of a still most debatable problem the book as a whole in its new form fills a useful place for students entering upon a study of the gospels.

TWELVE MODERN APOSTLES. By *Gilbert K. Chesterton, Bishop Charles L. Slattery*, and *Dr. Henry Sloane Coffin*. Duffield. $2.50.

A WORKING FAITH. By *Charles Reynolds Brown*. University of North Carolina Press. $1.50.

CONCERNING THE INNER LIFE. By *Evelyn Underhill*. Dutton. $1.

A BOOK OF MODERN PRAYERS. Compiled and edited by *Samuel McComb*. Longmans. $1.50.

(*Continued on page 508*)

Reader's Guide

(*Continued from preceding page*)

magazine appeared, some time ago, the story of Ibsen's acquaintance with a young woman who became attached to him in his later life.

IN the Century for November and December, 1923, Basil King tells the story of "Ibsen and Emilie Bardach," sometimes unmelodiously described as "the Gossensasser Venus." When I regard Ibsen's portrait at this period as well as I can discern it through the foliage I marvel at the power of romance. *N. T., Blandinsville, Ill.*, says that he believes that in the *Atlantic Monthly* for December, 1924, there is an article about Sor Juana Iñez de la Cruz, with a translation of several stanzas of her "Redondillas" or "La Inconsequencia de los Hombres." There is some error here; I find that in or near that month but one article about Mexico was published in the *Atlantic*, and that on current affairs; perhaps someone will inform me. In the search, however, I found other material: an article by Muna Lee in the *American Mercury* for January, 1925, called "A Charming Mexican Lady," and a translation of her "To a Portrait of the Poet," in the *Survey*, May 1, 1924. Also I find that Warner's "Library of the World's Best Literature," which is always coming to the rescue in cases like this, gives four translations from her works, of which two are extracts from long poems, one of these in dramatic form.

C. K., Bethlehem, Pa., says that the inquirer for additional fairy-tale literature may like to know that the Moravians of Bethlehem, Pa., publish "Mount Minsi Fairies" ($1), by G. K. Meschter, an itinerary in verse of fairies on a moonlight night at Delaware Water Gap, in a coach drawn by bumblebees. This is one of the few instances I have found of the actual acclimatization of fairies in this country. The book may be bought from the Moravian College for Men.

E. T. M., Vineland, N. J., is on the trail of two books: in one a woman who as a girl lived on either Spruce or Pine Street, Philadelphia, describes her life and friends, one of whom was Walt Whitman: she tells of riding between her father and Whitman on the horsecars, listening to their discussion. The other is the story of a girl-musician, a violinist who was lost at sea; the story of the fatal trip to this country is written by the woman who was to have been her accompanist. I have a harassing notion that I've read this, but I cannot locate it. *R. H. L., New York, an authority on the subject of essays, I may mention*, recommends to the reader interested in recent examples of the art "English Essays, Modern," chosen by H. S. Milford (Oxford University Press). This is one of the admirable series known as "The World's Classics." *The Cooper Engineering Co., 558 West Washington Boulevard, Chicago*, is the only firm in the world manufacturing typewriters for the blind who have a standardized product selling at a low price. K. J. M., thinks, and so do I, that this information should be added to the detailed report on methods of Braille and its forms, recently published. I will send their price-list to anyone interested.

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The World of Rare Books

By Frederick M. Hopkins

A NEW volume, Professor Chauncey Brewster Tinker's "The Wedgewood Medallion of Dr. Samuel Johnson," just published by the Harvard University Press, is one of many-sided appeal. In the first place, it is the only study which has ever been made of the iconography of Dr. Samuel Johnson. Professor Tinker has made a thorough investigation of all of his portraits and he compares various likenesses with two little known medallions. The frontispiece is a heliotype reproduction of the jasperware cameo designed by Flaxman and reproduced by Wedgewood some time during the last year and a half of Johnson's life. This beautiful medallion, although known to collectors, is extremely scarce and has neither been studied nor reproduced in modern times. A second medallion, which was withdrawn from the market, has been completely forgotten. Like the far more beautiful work of Flaxman, it was copied by later engravers who neither acknowledged their indebtedness nor reproduced the beauty of their source. The sixth illustration of the book is another heliotype, taken from a recently executed cast struck from this old mould. Six other likenesses by various artists are reproduced in photogravure.

In the second place this is a most beautiful and successful specimen of artistic book making, and will rank with a limited number of Bruce Rogers's most successful contributions to the art of typography. The volume is a small folio, printed from Baskerville type, on handsome paper of a greenish tint, and additional color is given to the book by original decorations designed by Mr. Rogers and printed in a blue which matches the base of the Flaxman medallion, thus giving the work a general harmony of design. Dark blue boards with a blind stamped border are used for the binding.

The edition is limited to 385 copies of which only 300 are for sale in America. There will be no trade edition. With the strong triple appeal which this book possesses—to collectors of Wedgewood, Johnson, and Rogers—the edition is sure to be quickly exhausted. Collectors who want a copy should order without delay.

THE American Historical Association, which announced its intention of raising $1,000,000 for a fund to foster historical research in regard to this country, has already begun to formulate the plans for using the income from this fund. The plan comprehends a thorough survey of the field of American history by a committee composed of leading scholars to determine what subjects are most in need of further study. Then it is proposed to organize special groups of scholars for cooperative study of the historical backgrounds of such current problems as international relations, immigration, the common law, sectionalism, American business, rural life, and the American family. Small grants to competent individual scholars will be made to enable them to meet some of the expenses of their particular fields of research. A systematic survey and inventory will be undertaken to discover what manuscript material may be in the hands of private citizens and to collect it in such manner that it may be made available to students. An attempt also will be made to coördinate the activities of the many regional, State, local, and special historical organizations. These are only a part of the plans already in hand, but they are sufficient to show how comprehensive they are, and to enlist the necessary support to finish raising the fund.

GROLIER CLUB PUBLICATION

THE Grolier Club, of this city, through the courtesy of the Rhode Island Historical Society, has reprinted for its members the *Gazette Françoise*. The reprint is made from the unique file of seven numbers and a supplement which was discovered in 1925, following the publication in *Ars Typographica* of an article on "Early Sea Presses." The *Gazette Françoise*, a little four-page French newspaper, published for the entertainment and enlightenment of the French Fleet in American waters during the American Revolution, had been known only through its announcement in advertisements. No copy ever having been found, there was some doubt as to whether the paper had ever been published. The discovery of a file, for which the Rhode Island Historical Society paid $1,000, settled this question, and the Grolier Club has been permitted to print the numbers in facsimile, the exact size of the original. Howard M. Chapin, librarian of the Rhode Island Historical society, has written an introduction which tells the story of the *Gazette* and gives an account of the Imprimerie Royale de l'Escadre, by which the journal was published at Newport. The work has been printed in a limited edition of 300 copies on Arches handmade paper, in medium quarto, bound in boards.

BOOKMAN'S JOURNAL SUSPENDS

IN the September-October number of the *Bookman's Journal* just issued the announcement of its suspension is made. This number completing Vol. XIV, will be the last in its present format. Its editor says that "we have decided that new developments must be made in the direction of (1) increasing the *Journal's* usefulness and devoting it more exclusively to the needs of collectors and researchers; (2) replacing its more general features accordingly; and (3) changing its present magazine style to a book format (about Royal 8vo) more suited to volumes containing complete bibliographies and which will have permanent value as reference works. Negotiations, which necessarily take time since they aim at securing the continuity of our work and objects, are in progress, the settlement of which will—we are confident—be warmly welcomed by our readers." The *Bookman's Journal* has had many friends among collectors in this country and they will regret to hear of its suspension. The new publication designed to serve them more efficiently will be awaited with interest.

NOTE AND COMMENT

THE great French publishing house of Hachette of Paris, which is celebrating the 100th anniversary of its foundation, has marked the occasion by giving the National Library the original manuscript of Saint-Simon's "The Century of Louis XIV."

The keen and growing interest in the typographical work of Bruce Rogers among collectors was recently shown in an auction sale in this city, when a package of circulars prepared to announce Houghton Mifflin Company's Riverside Press Special Editions brought $25. A single booklet announcement sold for $11.

Mrs. Edward S. Harkness, who gave the Yale University Library the Melk copy of the Gutenberg Bible, has just presented a with the original manuscript of Bayard Taylor's translation of Goethe's "Faust." The university has also announced the gift of a copy of Livy, printed in Venice in 1495, from Dr. Otto H. F. Vollbehr, noted bibliophile of Berlin, who has recently been visiting in this country.

Houghton Mifflin Company are to publish this month a book by Michael Sadlier entitled, "Trollope: A Commentary," which is expected to become a standard work on this novelist. The book is the result of several years enthusiastic research, supported by the whole-hearted assistance of the several years' enthusiastic research, supported Trollope family. An appendix will give a complete biblography of Trollope's writings, and the American edition will have a special introduction by A. Edward Newton.

Part V of Maggs Brothers catalogue of "Bibliotheca et Philippina," a quarto of 700 pages with 1,030 lots, illustrated with 224 finely printed plates, is one of the largest of its kind ever issued. The items are catalogued chronologically, beginning with the "Mappa Mundi in Archivis Romanis Reperta," a Latin manuscript of the year 1450. Many of the works listed are from Spanish sources, one of the most important being Alonso Ortiz's "Los Tradados del Doctor Alonso Ortiz," a black letter of 1493, printed at Seville—the first book, after the printed letter of Columbus, to mention America.

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NEW BOOK BARGAINS; Great Short Stories World, $4.20; Washington, by Hughes, $3.50; American Tragedy, Limited, $18.00; Complete Poe, 10 vols., $4.50; (catalogues Free). Seiffers, 832 Westchester Ave., New York.

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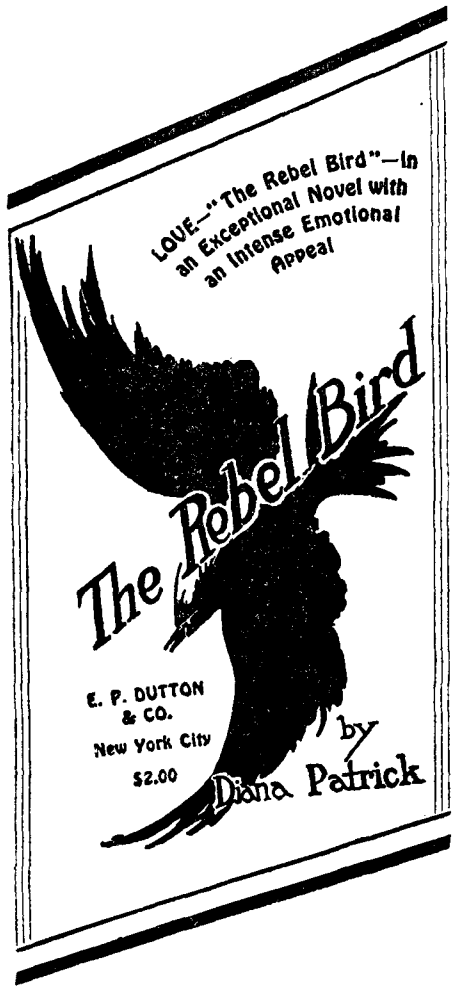

The Phoenix Nest

WE have been reading *Booth Tarkington's* "The Plutocrat." Pausing about three-fifths of the way through it, with a growing suspicion that a babbitt's glorification is at hand and a decline into propaganda not far off, we yet lift up our voice to acclaim the humors of the narrative so far, and the keen and mirth-provoking characterization. "Tark" is a born writer. He has often wasted his gifts, but golden gifts he has assuredly, as an observer of the human mess. His young men observing Madame Momoro in the smoking-room of the liner are superb, his Tinker *en voyage* is a devastating joy. Incidentally, his descriptions of Africa and the eyries of the Kabyles are vivid in the extreme. . . .

New aspects in the life of *Richard Wagner* are recorded in "The Incorrigible Lover" to be published late in February by Duffield. It is written by *Louis Barthou*, former Premier of France and member of the French Academy. It is translated by *Henry Irving Brock* and is said to contain many new letters of the famous composer. . . .

The latest *Arthur Machen* volume is "Dreads and Drolls," a title we like—twenty-nine tales and essays published by Knopf and among Machen's most recent writings. All these "Dreads and Drolls" appeared originally in the English *Graphic*, as the author tells us. His own favorite among them is the story of Grimaldi the clown and his long-lost brother. In this book Mr. Machen treats also of the Campden Wonder, a story which *Masefield* years ago embodied in a play. . . .

Dutton specializes on *Luigi Pirandello*, and this season from their house come Pirandello's "Shoot!" (Si Gira), being the notebooks of Serafino Gubbio, Cinematograph Operator (a powerful human story translated from the Italian by *Charles Scott Moncrief*) and also Professor *Walter Starkie's* "Luigi Pirandello," an examination of the dramatist and novelist from all points of view. There is an interesting comparison of the Italian's psychology and method with those of George Bernard Shaw, and the book should be helpful to students of the modern drama. . . .

An interesting volume of poems from Boni and Liveright recently published is "The Midnight Court and The Adventures of a Luckless Fellow," translated from the Gaelic by *Percy Arland Ussher* with a preface by *W. B. Yeats*. The book is most attractively printed with woodcuts by *Frank W. Peers*. Yeats says of the first poem, "*Standish Hayes O'Grady* has described 'The Midnight Court' as the best poem written in Gaelic, and as I read Mr. Ussher's translation I have felt, without sharing what seems to me an extravagant opinion, that *Giolla Meidhre*, had political circumstances been different, might have founded a modern Gaelic literature." (Brian Mac Giolla Meidhre—or to put it in English, Brian Merriman—wrote "The Midnight Court"). . . .

Two new books of poems from American poets, both worth mention, are "Children of the Sun," by *James Rorty* (Macmillan), and "White Buildings," by *Hart Crane* (Liveright). The latter volume is dedicated to *Waldo Frank* and bears a foreword by *Allen Tate*. The former comes from a poet who in 1921, with his poem, "When We Dead Awaken," was awarded half the annual poetry prize offered by the *Nation*. Mr. Rorty was a journalist at the age of sixteen, working on the *Middletown (N. Y.) Times-Press*, secured a scholarship at Tufts, worked as a copy-writer in advertising in New York for four years, was awarded the Distinguished Service Cross during the Great War for ambulance work, and is now in the advertising business in this city, free-lancing on the side. . . .

A group of the intellectually adult, calling themselves THE GROUP have met since 1918, once a week, for the purpose of airing opinions and prejudices. This organization declares that it has no axe to grind, or particular mission. It invites intelligent adults who are interested in ideas, literature, and art to come and air their views in a sort of clearing-house of opinion. Any one interested should drop a line to the secretary, Seymour A. Seligson, 106 East 31st Street, New York City. . . .

A new writer who is also a research chemist is *L. M. Hussey*, author of the recent "Odalisque." A new novelist, we should have said, as Mr. Hussey has published at least 150 short stories in the magazines during the past decade. Each morning he has worked in the laboratory, each afternoon at the typewriter. He planned "Odalisque" shortly before the war, but was then involved in devising processes of manufacture for rare organic chemicals and bacteriological dyestuffs, formerly imported from Germany and then needed by the Medical Corps of the Army. The scene of "Odalisque" is Caracas, Venezuela. Mr. Hussey had been associated for some years with Venezuelans, and, before completing his book, journeyed again to Venezuela to verify his material. . . .

Samuel H. Ordway, Jr., who wrote that opprobrious work, "Little Codfish Cabot at Harvard," has now attacked the Social Register in "An Elegant History of New York Society: For Young Persons of Quality," published by the Elegant History Publishing Company. For further information regarding this book, write to William H. Wells, 30 Jones Street, City. . . .

The Triptych is a little club of three members, *Jay Chambers*, *William Jordan*, and *Wilbur Macy Stone*. As long ago as 1899, for St. Valentine's Day it issued to its friends a booklet containing two love sonnets by *Gaspara Stampa*, the Renaissance Sappho of the Cinquecento. Since then, from time to time, it has printed choice things of various kinds, has designed bookplates, and, in 1924, put forth a charming little book of penny toys, hand-colored throughout. Its various issues have been privately printed and usually in an edition of 99 numbered copies only. . . .

Back in November, the Modern Library, received a beautiful letter from a certain reader. It ran:

DEAR EDITOR,

Having heard of Anatole France as a well known and supposedly standard writer, as a sample some time ago I purchased his "Red Lily" published by you. Imagine my surprise in reading not only suggestively licentious passages, but especially such an immoral paragraph as that of page 158. I am dumbfounded. Did not suppose such pages were openly on the market. My wife too declares she has never come across anything at all comparable in all her fiction reading. I hope my young daughter never gets hold of this reeking little volume. All I can see it is a glorification of passion, of "self-expression," in preference to monotonous, prosaic ways of virtue. Tolstoy's sinning women meet with terrible retribution. There is not even this in this volume of France's. You say he is "a Frenchman with perfect manners." Is it perfect manners to hang out one's soiled linen in the parlors of society? You also add he is "gentle, delicate"—. That is true. This little book is dainty devilishness.

But enough of this. What I should like to know is whether or not the undersigned is too prudish, too unsophisticated. If you can show me justification for the publication of such indecency, I shall be very grateful. If not I am going to take up this matter with the Committee of One Thousand. With thanks, I am

Ah weel, ah weel, so much for the winner of the Nobel Prize for literature in 1921! Alas, poor Thibault! He really should not be mentioned in such a work as the Lincoln Library of Essential Information as "generally regarded as the most distinguished novelist, the keenest satirist, the most pleasing humorist, and the finest stylist of his time." Something ought to be done about it! But now that the above letter-writer has so enjoyed "The Red Lily" we recommend that he take up in a serious way *Hermann Südermann's* "The Song of Songs." . . .

This week we end with two verses of a poem in the January *Scribner's* which has pleased us very much. It is by *Vilda Sauvage Owens*:

If I ever have time for things that matter,
If ever I have the smallest chance,
I'm going to live in
Little Broom Gardens,
Moat-by-the-Castle,
Nettlecombe, Hants.

I'll take my ease and never, never hurry,
And sit for hours on the top of a stile,
With a friend from
Wookey, Cress-on-the-Water,
Spennithorne-Baggot,
Bury Saint Gile.

Well, there's a new face at the door, my friends, a new face at the door,—meaning, of course, in Tennysonian parlance, 1927!

THE PHOENICIAN.

Lord Thomson, Air Minister in the British Labor Government, is finishing a book on the future of air transport. His very unusual novel, "Smaranda," was published last year.

Speaking at a recent dinner, Sir Johnston Forbes-Robertson said:

"I have been rehearsed by all the leading dramatists of the day, from Charles Reade, the novelist, and Tom Taylor, down to those of modern days, but of them all the most able and wisest was George Bernard Shaw."

The New Books

Science

(*Continued from page 506*)

HYGIEIA. By BURTON PETER THOM, M. D. Dutton. 1926.

This latest essay in the To-day and To-morrow Series deals with the relation of disease and evolution, a subject which has never been treated at all adequately. It is hardly up to the standard set by some of the earlier volumes but is entertaining and stimulating.

The author shows that invasion of the body by micro-organisms has been an important factor in the elimination of species which were unable in the past to develop an immunity or prevent the invasion of microbes. During the geologic ages extinction no doubt was the fate of many species which could not make the necessary adjustment to bacterial invasion. Within historic times the human race has suffered much from epidemics which have altered the course of history in important ways. Allusion need be made to only a few instances such as the effect of malaria on the ancient civilizations of Greece and Rome and the effect of the plague in the Near East which made the advances of the Mohammedan hordes relatively easy.

The author predicts, as Pasteur did years ago, that disease will finally disappear from the earth, not so much by the very slow process of evolution by the elimination of those who are not immune to disease germs (modern medicine has done much to reduce the force of natural selection in this direction) but by the attack on microbes by chemical agents which will act directly upon the invaders either to destroy them or render them harmless.

THE ESCAPE FROM THE PRIMITIVE. By HORACE CARNCROSS, M.D. Scribners. 1926. $2.50.

What the prevalent mania for science watered down to "popularity" may bring us to is alarmingly illustrated in "The Escape from the Primitive." Why this book is so called we have yet to discover, though the author explains in his concluding sentence that it is "the main business of man," so it must be fairly important.

This far from entertaining work is divided into three books, pretentiously styled "Mother Nature," "Father God," and "Child Man." It discusses such subjects as "Instinct and Intelligence," "Primal Trends," "The Sin of Youth"—which is the dullest reading we have yet found on a subject that promises life at least—"The Common Adventure," and "Love and the Ego."

Dr. Carncross writes,—well, he writes like a psycho-analyst. Possibly he has done his best, and doubtless angels can do no more. But certainly devils—pedantic, unliterary devils inhabiting a hell of undigested and irrelevant facts—can do no worse.

HEIR TO ALL THE AGES. By N. K. MCKECHNIE. Bobbs-Merrill. 1926. $2.50.

This volume attempts to be a word-picture of the Darwinian theory, a statement in "plain and graphic form that the everyday man may easily understand, of the theory of evolution." In true tabloid form it is advertised as "the great Drama of Man." It consists of a series of rather insipid "cut-backs" into the family history of Mr. Smith—of *the* Mr. Smith who goes to work every morning jammed next to you on the subway.

First we meet Watty, a wagon driver in eighteenth century London, the first of his race to abandon the farm; next Hob the Smith leads a fourteenth century Peasant Revolt; then successively, tracing back the progenitors of the same Mr. Smith, we are introduced to Oswulf, a British boy adopted by the Saxon invaders, to Conan, a Druid lad, to Ith and to Hu, pre-Celtic farmers, to Firestick, who is fortunate enough to settle on a floating island during the Flood; and thus through Fuzzy-Wuz, Chit-Chat, and Possie we get back to Flip, the lizard, and thence, to quote the author, to the first "poor fish" in the Smith ancestry. The incident and the writing are about on a par with the names that author chooses for his characters. There is obviously little justification for the author's implication that these sketches have strictly scientific bases.

THE PRIMITIVE RACES OF MANKIND. By *Max Schmidt*. Translated by Alexander K. Dallas. Little, Brown.

CHIMPANZEE INTELLIGENCE AND ITS VOCAL EXPRESSIONS. By *Robert M. Yerkes* and *Blanche W. Learned*. Williams & Wilkins. $3.50.

STORIES IN STONES. By *Willis T. Lee*. Van Nostrand. $3.

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